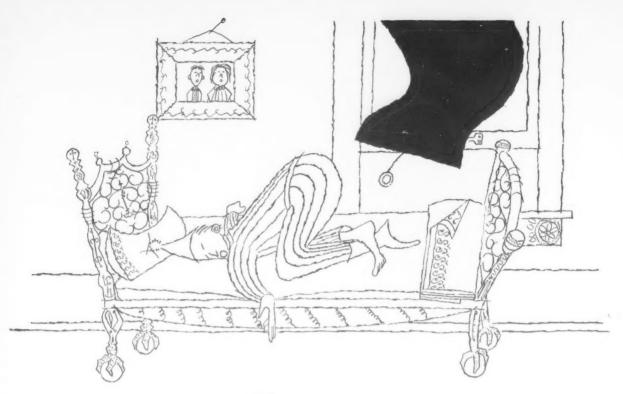
FEBRUARY - 1953

# hristian erald

004.0a

How this, 0 man! whate'er thy earthly fate—
God never made a tyrant nor a slave:
Woe, then, to those who dare to desecrate
His glorious image!—for to all He gave
Eternal rights, which none may violate;
Und, by a mighty hand, the oppressed He yet shall save!

Wm. Lloyd Sarrison.



He can sleep on a windy night" was the unusual recommendation given the young farmhand by the old farmer. The farmer meant that the young man had so conscientiously checked every door and gate that no matter how severely the storm raged, he knew that everything was secure on the farm.

No matter how winds of circumstance may blow, PEACE OF MIND is an outstanding characteristic of Bob Jones University students. These young people know that every precaution has been taken for their welfare...

> spiritually, socially, academically, and physically.



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#### It's so easy—Order Today!

CASH. Ship 60-cup Drip-O-Lator at once and 48 dollar-bottles of	(check one
M-K Super Compound Vanilla;M-K Pure Vanilla Flavor.	Also include
extra saleable flavors to cover shipping charges. Enclosed is our check or	money order
for \$48. We are under no further obligation and will keep receipts from sa	le of vanilla.

CREDIT. Ship 48 dollar-bottles of (check one)M-K	Super Compound
Vanilla;M-K Pure Vanilla Flavor and extra saleable flavors	to cover shipping
charges. We'll sell them at \$1 each and send you \$48 within 2 month	ths. You will then
send us our 60-Cup Drip-O-Lator Coffee Urn. (On credit orders 2	officers must sign
own names.)	

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PURE M-K Vanilla Flavor (6 oz.) \$1.00. Consists of 13.4 oz. vanilla beans per gallon, alcohol, propylene glycol, sugar, water.

#### All in the Fann

"As you can see," says Janice Turner (God on the Farm, p. 28), "I am honestly enamored of the farm and its inhabitants. The attraction seems to be mutual! She and her husband live at romanticsounding Lost River Farm, where



she writes, drives the tractor, takes care of the offspring of 46 Jerseys, and dispatches the one or two other little chores involved in running a rural homestead. "I have not changed very much since this picture was taken, she assures us, "but the calf has."

"My father is my idea of what a minister should be: a he-man of both body and spirit," testifies Grace Nies Fletcher to the personality who inspired her latest HERALD piece (What Does God Look Like? p. 35). Latest, we say, for "I have been writing for CHRISTIAN HERALD so long I cannot remember when I started. During the past 16 years I have had stories and articles in many magazines, but the HERALD is home.

Proper enough is the inclusion of a cluster of young people in any picture of Dr. Amos John Traver, who has devoted a large part of his life to training youth, previously as a pastor, now as Professor of Practical Theology at Hamma Divinity



School. Last summer he and his Englishteacher wife celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary by floating down the Grand Canal in Venice, serenaded by their gondolier. This summer, Dr. Traver celebrates his tenth anniversary as writer of our Sunday School Lessons (p. 62).

In March: Don't miss the article, Is This Book 'Blasphemous'?-written by a grassroots pastor disturbed by the bitter fracas building up around the new Revised Standard Bible. In March also, the big Spring Book Section, which tells you how to write a book, how to read a book, and how to live by a Book (be it the King James or RSV).

# Christian Herald

A FAMILY MAGAZINE, independent and interdenominational . . . dedicated to the promotion of evangelical Christianity, church unity, religious and racial understanding world peace, the solving of the liquor problem, the service of the needy at home and abroad, and to cooperation with all who seek the establishment of a more Christian world

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#### FEBRUARY, 1953

#### ARTICLES

What Do I Owe the Old Home Church?	8
America's Darkest Doorway	21
What's Happening to Our Cops?	24
How Much Do You Want an Education?	26
Why "Tip" the Preacher?Frank S. Mc-ley	27
God on the FarmJanice Turner	28
A Valentine for MeFaith Baldwin	29
My First Trip to the Bowery	33
What Does God Look Like?Grace Nies Fletcher	35
I Fell in Love With a Country Church	39

#### FICTION

A	Mind	of	His	Own.		 	 		.Sallie	Chesham	30
TI	re Tear	re	of A	fartha	Higgins	 	 	Myl	es D	Rlanchard	43

#### SERMON

The Unwanted Christ......Paul David Poling 32

#### REGULAR FEATURES

Questions and Answers	6	Woman's Place	54
"I Remember"	10	Sunday School Lessons	62
News Digest	14	Book Reviews	70
Editorials	18	Spice of Life	75
Poetry	34	Motion Pictures	84
Daily Meditations	48	Back Talk	86

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A FAMOUS DOCTOR SHOWS YOU HOW TO

## REDUCE and <u>stay</u> reduced

If you are really sincere about losing weight, try this new method for 3 weeks at no risk

AT LAST a reducing book has been written that can really help you. The author, Dr. Norman Jolliffe, directs New York City's Bureau of Nutrition. He has shown hundreds of patients how to reduce safely and permanently. He wrote this book, Reduce And Stay Reduced, at the request of prominent heart specialists who must keep their patients' weight down to help keep them alive. They knew that a reducing book by Dr. Jolliffe would work. It does. This is how it works:

#### How never to be fat again

Ninety per cent of those who actually do lose weight find that sooner or later they're back where they started. Dr. Jolliffe tells you how to avoid this nerve-shattering fat-thin-fat cycle. He shows you how to get thin and stay thin with the help of an important automatic regulating center in your brain.

#### How your brain's Automatic Regulator can work for you

Follow Dr. Jolliffe's superbly sensible instructions at the start of your diet and get ready for the real payoff: suddenly the strain of dieting will disappear—your body will take over to help you. This is because of what Dr. Jolliffe calls the Appestat — the Appetite Regulating Mechanism in the hypothalamic region of your brain. He shows you how it can be used, how this "built-in" reducing aid that you were born with can keep you thin—if you start it going with the right diet procedure.

#### An individual diet prescribed for you

Ordinary "fad" diets are often built on the principle that every overweight person is the same. Dr. Jolliffe, on the other hand, recognizes that no two readers are exactly alike. He gives you simple guides for determining the proper diet for your size, bone structure, habits, age, sex. He shows you how to determine the right calorie count for you, the correct foods for you.

#### Send no money. Order today. Try the book on this unusual 3 week guarantee

If you are really sincere about reducing and staying reduced, send for this book today. Try it for three full weeks. We make this offer knowing that the first three weeks are the hardest. If you are not delighted with the results, return the book within 22 days for refund of the purchase price. SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Dept. 34, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

#### THIS NEW BOOK SHOWS YOU

- How to measure yourself for custom-made diet
- How to predict amount of weight you'll lose each week
- How your automatic "Appestat" can be regulated to keep your weight down
- 72 complete diets with substitutions
- Special teen-age diets
- 400 foods and their calorie counts to choose from
- How you can eat even bread or chocolate while dieting
- 47 pages of delicious lowcalorie recipes



#### These people\* tried it and it works!

"It has exceeded my expectations. It is the most helpful book on the subject to come to my attention. With all its scientific basis it is simpler than many less authentic regimens to follow. Best of all—it works!"—A. B. J., Calif.

"50 far I lost 15 pounds and what's still better I have control of my 'appestat'. I'm no longer hungry. Hats off to Dr. Jolliffe."—E. P., New York City

"Most sensible diet I have ever seen.
My husband and I are losing weight gradually without being hungry."

-Mrs. M. C., Wilmington, Del.

"I em thrilled with this book. I lost 13½ lbs. in my first 10 days of dieting. I shall never go back to my old eating habits."

-Mrs. L. C., Glenside, Pa.

"The best part is the flexibility possible in diets presented to allow for any wide range of tastes." -F. S., N. Y. C.

"This is emphatically the best book yet on reducing. Dr. Jolliffe's sensible and clear instructions have been a world of help."

-Mrs. H. V. H., Washington, Ind.

\* Just a few of the many enthusiastic comments from readers all over the country.

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To your bookseller, or Simon and Schuster, Dept. 34, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20. Please send me a copy of Reduce And Stay Reduced. I will pay postman \$2.95 plus postage. If not satisfied that I will reduce and stay reduced, I may return the book in 22 days for refund of purchase price.

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one\_\_\_State\_\_

Name of Church

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(Name of group)

My group ha

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#### answers your questions

#### Faith of Servicemen

• Do you think that boys and young men going into the uniform of their country become pagans or that they are not followed by Jesus Christ?

Iowa L. S.

Conscientious objectors who take their position on grounds of conscience and religious faith are granted exemption when their sincerity is established. On the other hand, some of the finest Christian youths I know, or have known, are and have been those who have gone into the uniform of their country and received Christ's grace and comfort as they offered their lives in defense of freedom and faith.

#### Support of Parochial Schools

• It disturbed me to read Gabriel Courier's item "California" (Sept. '52). This proposition is really a subsidy to Catholic schools. We are going to be in the unhappy position of having to support two school systems—about one of which the citizens will have nothing to say as to what is to be taught. Do you agree?

CALIFORNIA E. G. B

California was the only state in fortyeight that does not have a law equivalent to the one submitted to the voters of California in last fall's election. I do not agree with the position taken by the above correspondent. I believe No. 3 deserved its victory.

#### Charles Erdman's Commentary

• Can you tell me why, in his commentary on "The Acts," Charles R. Erdman omitted verse 37 from the 8th chapter of Acts?

Dr. Erdman used as the scripture text on which his comments were based the "American Standard Version of the Bible" (1901). This version and also the "Revised Standard Version of the New Testament" (1946) do not give the words contained in verse 37 in the King James Version, except in a footnote. This is because most ancient Greek manuscripts do not contain the

words given in the King James verse 37. If he had had the space in his little book to comment on the marginal readings in the "American Standard Version," I am sure that he would have done so. Certainly, he, like the early Christians who must have added the words found in the King James verse 37, would concur wholeheartedly in the faith expressed in these words. Always Dr. Erdman's faith is vitally evangelical. Theologically he is "Conservative," "Fundamentalist" rather than "Liberal."

#### "Source of Irritation"

• A leading cigarette company claims that their product is "entirely free of a source of irritation used in the manufacture of all other leading cigarettes." Just what is this "source of irritation"? Potassium nitrate or a "derivative of white arsenic"? Or have they possibly achieved perfection by leaving out the tobacco?

PENNSYLVANIA B. J.

The advertisement is completely misleading and I believe the deliberate purpose is to leave a false impression. Certainly the last sentence of the question above suggests to all of us the real answer!

#### **Sunday-School Teachers**

 Do you think that it is proper and right for a Sunday-school teacher to use profanity?

VERMONT N. L. G.

No.

#### **Draft Inequality?**

• Replying to Mrs. Stevens (Back Talk, Oct. '52), our son in the Army writes that over 50% of the boys in his camp are either college graduates or have some college training, and these boys are not in any specialized training group. How can you call this draft inequality?

INDIANA (MRS.) P. E. S

Definitely this is not draft inequality. Thank you, "Mrs. P. E. S."

#### Sound Investment

• Will you please inform me as to the integrity and reliability of the American Bible Society, 450 Park Avenue, New York City? I received their "Search the Scripture" stamps, to which I usually give a donation of \$1, and want to know whether the money is doing any good.

PENNSYLVANIA C. L. E.

Absolutely reliable—as sound as the proverbial "former" gold dollar! Your donation is doing good, and increasing its size many times would do more good.

#### Welcome Minister

• We believe that we were led of God to call our present minister. We have the confirmation of our faith in the growth of our prayer service from 60 to 225. But his former congregation is praying for his return and that his home may not be sold in order that he may consider going back. Does this not grieve the Holy Spirit?

MICHIGAN H. S.

Certainly not. Prayer is a wide open door. I assume that the pastor is also in constant prayer and that he will continue to be led by the Holy Spirit. What a man, to be so greatly desired by two congregations!

#### **National Council**

• Is it true that the Council of Churches has "denied the Virgin birth, denied life after death and denied the divinity and deity of Christ"?

MISSOURI (MRS.) D. W.

The National Council of Churches has never denied the Virgin birth, has never denied life after death, and has never denied the divinity and deity of Christ. Were it to make such denials, you may be sure I would withdraw from the organization immediately. It would, of course, destroy itself if it ever did, and it never will.

#### Infinite Prayer

• How may I know when I have prayed enough, when my prayers should close? Should there be a lapse of time before I pray again and is there any value in repetition?

VIRGINIA G. G.

There is value in repetition. Some of the most deeply moving prayers are single sentences repeated. There need be no lapse of time between prayers. "Pray without ceasing" is our encouragement. We can never pray too much and actually prayer need never end. Wherever we are, whatever our posture, whether in words or in meditation and silence, prayer is conversation, communion with the Heavenly Father.



Renew the Spirit that Built-Our Country

# HAVE In Ourselves In Our Fellow Men In Freedom

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And, thus sustained and fortified, they believed that Freedom was more than an abstract dream, they made it an accomplished fact.

This Freedom is our children's birthright — ours to hand on to them and to their children — undiminished, undespoiled.

This is a sacred trust - one in which we must not fail.

Yet these are troubled times. What can we do?

We can do as those before us did . . . renew the spirit that built our country.

We need...Faith in God, Who answers prayer... Faith in ourselves, and in our work...Faith in our fellow men, their courage and their honesty... Faith in Freedom...and in its strength!

When we have done these things — and only then — can we be secure in the knowledge that our children will be free and our country safe.

We must not fail.

Write today for a copy of the article,
"Our Four Great Faiths", and for reprints of
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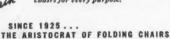
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# What Do I Owe the Old Home Church?

By MAUDE HILL BEATON

O YOU remember anybody by the name of David Carson?" asked the minister of the small town church, as his wife came into his study. He was holding in his hand a letter and a check.

"David Carson? No, I can't recall anybody by that name, not since we've been here," she replied.

The doorbell rang - the front door just beside the study.

"Good morning, Herbert. Can you remember a man who used to be in this church, by the name of David Carson?" asked the minister as one of the old time trustees was ushered in.

"David Carson? No, I never knew a man by that name. But say, there was a boy—David Carson. He used to be in my nephew's class. His parents didn't come here to church. I doubt if they went anywhere. But that kid was in Ralph's class for years. A nice boy." "Well, that will be the one, no

"Well, that will be the one, no doubt," replied the minister. "He has sent, addressed to "The Minister,' a check for fifty dollars. Says the Lord has blessed him with prosperity and he wants to remember the old home church."

Whether we have been blessed with prosperity or not there are few of us who do not remember with a little nostalgia the "old home church." We'd like to stand on its steps again at the corner of Center and Forest Streets, or maybe it was at the country crossroad. But anyway, we recall it sometimes and its Sunday school, its teachers and the hymns we sang with such gusto.

When you stop to think of it, the

old college frequently sends us letters—appeals for funds. There is a new wing building, an addition to the library needed, or new recreational grounds. Those who have been going out from those college doors for decades are urged to contribute. And we feel—and rightfully so—that we owe something to our Alma Mater. Didn't it do something for us—something that no other institution ever did?

But does the old home church ever go out and ask anything of its "graduates"? Sometimes, perhaps, but not so often.

Fortunately the David Carsons are not alone. An old lady in her eighties in a small California city receives every month a check that meets her expenses—from a businessman in the East who was in her Sunday-school class for several years and who says he owes it to her for what her teaching meant to him throughout his life.

Last autumn, visiting in a country district of Ontario, Canada, we were taken to the little country church in the district. We remarked afterward on how well kept the entire church and grounds seemed.

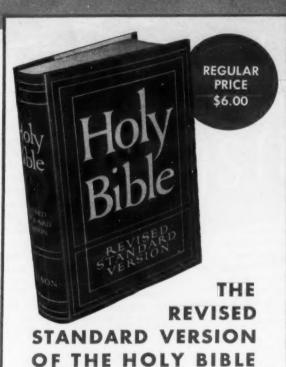
"It ought to be," said our host. "Lord Beaverbrook spent his boyhood in that church. And every year he sends a donation toward its upkeep."

Yes, there are people like the David Carsons all right, from Lord Beaver-brook to the lad who left home several years ago and sends back a simple five-dollar note.

It is good for each one of us to sit (Continued on page 74)

# FREE!

# THE NEW BIBLE SENSATION OF THIS CENTURY To New Members of Christian Herald's FAMILY BOOKSHELF



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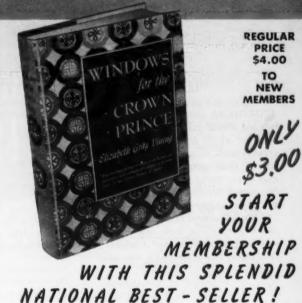
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Each month you are to send me free the preview of your latest selection. I do not have to buy every selection—only four books during twelve months to fulfill membership requirements. For every three books I do buy, you agree to send me a valuable bonus book worth up to \$5 free.

			STEEL STAN	
Street & P	lo.			

#### Edited by KENNETH L. WILSON

SOLDIERS, sailors and airmen of the Allied expeditionary force: You are about to embark upon a great crusade toward which we have striven these many months. The eyes of the world are upon you. The hopes and prayers of liberty-loving peoples everywhere march with you, ... We will accept nothing less than full victory. Good luck, and let us all beseech the blessings of Almighty God upon this great and noble undertaking,

> Dwight D. Eisenhower, (D-Day, June 6, 1944)

Work while you work, Play while you play; One thing each time, That is the way. All that you do, Do with your might; Things done by halves Are not done right.

-McGuffey's Primer

Love that asketh love again Finds the barter naught but pain; Love that giveth in full store Aye receives as much and more.

Love exacting nothing back Never knoweth any lack; Love, compelling love to pay, Sees him bankrupt every day. -Author Unknown

The wistful stars that one by one Jet heaven's hills with light, Are like the little lamps of love That mothers set at night On windowsills. That those they love May guide their steps aright. So like A little lamp that shone For me, in days of yore-So like a little lamp that shines, On earth, for me No more! And when at evenfall, the stars Dark hills of heaven jet. They are not stars to me, but lamps That waiting mothers set On windowsills Of heaven-That we may not forget!

HARRY LEE From Mrs. Chas. E. Trory, Crestline, Ohio



"Dear love," he said that morning long ago,

"Where life may lead, the wisest cannot know, Or through what changing weather. If I could choose, no cloud should dim the sky." She smiled, "What matter where the road may lie, So we two walk together?"

"Dear heart," he said when they had journeyed far, And the calm radiance of the evening star Above the hills was shining, "The road was rough, and life, the master, taught Lessons with bitter wisdom sometimes fraught, Beyond our heart's divining.

"Yet good has sometimes come from seeming ill, And love unchanging led us safely still Through storms and sunny weather." She smiled, "What matter though the road was rough, The lessons bitter. This was joy enough, That we have walked together."

-EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

N A fair and fragrant garden, God created man. It must have been His wish for us, His purpose and His plan-that we should learn to love the trees, the birds, the grass, the flowers. The story of the race begins in Eden's fragrant bowers. The love of gardens still remains a joy that never dies-for the rich man and the poor, the simple and the wise. Whether it be planted in a wide or narrow space-He who makes a garden makes the world a sweeter

-PATIENCE STRONG From Mrs. Garfield Nicholls, Warren, Minn.

Life itself can't give you joy Unless you really will it. Life just gives you time of space-It's up to you to fill it.

-ANON-

From Sophie Way, New Matamoras, Ohio



LIFE

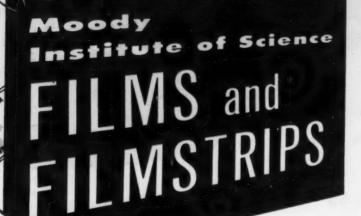
A little sunshine, A little rain, A little loss, A little gain; A little happiness, A little pain, Not all sweet, Not all sour:

Now a flower. A goodly average Of sunshine and shower.

Now a weed,

-FRANK R. JENNINGS From Mrs. W. S. Maxson, West Branch, Iowa

What is your favorite quotation or bit of verse? Include source and author and your own name, Sorry, no items acknowledged or returned, and no original material used.





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Billy

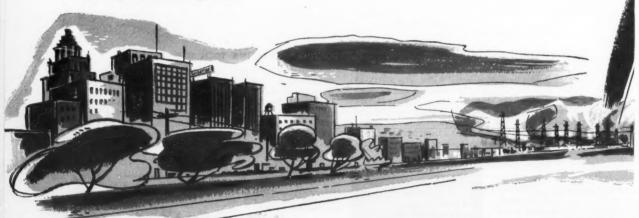
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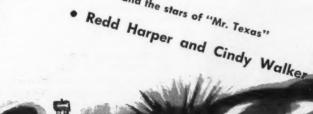
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    - Ralph Hoopes
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#### · AT HOME ·

THE TRIP: Ike found no presto-chango wand in Korea which, for the waving, would make harrows out of howitzers or Boy Scout knives out of bayonets. For all that, the trip was important (hardly as demagogic as calling it demagoguery!). Ike heard and saw things, but more than that, he felt things. You can read official reports and sit in on briefings and watch documentary films in White House or Pentagon until your teeth fall out, but still you don't smell the odors of war and struggle through the mud of war and scratch from the itch of war and shiver from the biting cold of war. If a picture is worth a thousand words, an on-the-spot experience is worth a thousand pictures.

Ike's trip didn't widen the alternatives the U.S. faces in Korea. With a truce down the Kremlin drain for the foreseeable future, there are only three: (1) get out—a defeat; (2) stay halfway in, halfway out as we have been doing—a stalemate; (3) get farther in—a gamble. As it is, one-third of all U.S. divisions of troops are tied down in Korea, one-sixth of U.S. air

power, and one-sixth of U.S. fleet. Whatever decision President Eisenhower makes, it is reassuring to know that when he thinks of Korea, he will be thinking not of maps and blackboards but of people. That's the biggest value of his trip. He has his finger on

a pulse instead of a push button.

"MISSION": John Foster Dulles has made some great speeches in his time, but the one he delivered via recording to the General Assembly of the National Council of Churches, in session at Denver, topped them all for sheer religious challenge. "Our vaunted American freedom has lost its robust appeal," warned Mr. Dulles. "It's the Communists who are talking loudest about 'mission.'

"The need today is to rekindle faith in freedom and to make it contagious by a fresh demonstration of what to do with freedom. Today, there are some here at home and many more abroad who assume that the best fruit our freedom can produce is such mechanical wonders that our people can loaf in material comfort and physical security. That is not good enough for ourselves, and it is not good enough

to attract others. When ennobling purpose goes out of freedom, it is easily displaced by false faiths, such as Communism, which, while denying freedom, do provide a sense of purpose. . . . The indispensable role of the spirit has been forgotten. The need is for a spiritual revival."

There you have the man who, as Secretary of State, will shape America's relations with the world. Thank God for such a man in such a position!

UN: There have always been smearmongering critics of the United Nations. But now its opponents seem to be making a concerted drive to put it out of business. The Charter will likely come up for review in 1955, ten years after the original San Francisco Conference. Tongue-cluckers and headshakers are getting to work early-and they're making converts. Some folks expected UN perfection right off the bat. Now they feel let down. The UN isn't perfect – most seven - year - olds aren't. Some folks made practically a religion of the UN. When the winds blew and the floods came, they found their faith shaken. It isn't a religion; it's a tool-and tools have to be resharpened and repaired. But only a fool throws away a hammer with a split handle when that's the only hammer he's got.

UNIONS: For the first time, the CIO is on its own. A New Deal product, it knew during two administrations that White House doors would swing wide when it knocked. Now it looks as if brash knocking will produce nothing more than bruised knuckles. Internally, there is disunity. President Philip Murray's death precipitated a bitter family fight that pitted Walter Reuther against Allan Haywood. Reuther won, but the decision left scars. Some unions may pull out of the CIO within a year, seek shelter under the AFL roof. There, President Meany inherited a well-ordered house from the late William Green. Their man in the Cabinet gives the AFL prestige. Meany has nine million members, Reuther has five million. The AFL, a federation of craft unions (CIO organizes industriesautomobiles, steel, etc.), knows how to do its own negotiating; the CIO doesn't. All this means that the AFL is the strong elder brother, and that if there's a merger of the Big Two to present a solid front, the CIO may sink into the AFL without a trace.

But Mr. Reuther knows the tricks of political pugilism. He will put them to work during his year or so of grace.

TAXES: Something has to give soonbesides the taxpayer! Federal tax collections are currently taking about 65 billion dollars a year. State and city



governments corner 20 billion more. With personal incomes amounting to 266 billion dollars for the year, this means that roughly 35 cents out of every dollar received by anyone in the nation goes for taxes (this when economists are saying that 25 cents is the

danger point).

While we were paying out 87.4 billion dollars for taxes, we were spending for other purposes, too, Food, for example, cost us 56 billion dollars. Observes the Golden Rule Foundation. "For every dollar spent for food, \$1.56 was paid for taxes." We were also spending for things of the spirit-helping to support religious, educational and welfare organizations and agencies. For every dollar we pinched out for church and charity, we counted out \$14 for groceries. But-get this!-for every dollar we eked out to maintain the Kingdom of God, we shoveled out \$22 to maintain local, state and federal governments.

President Eisenhower has promised to cut taxes. We hope he can keep that promise. At least, he wants to cut taxes. Reminds us of the expression in the hymn, "Take away our bent to sinning." (Some doctrinally sensitive soul changed it in one version to "our love of sinning.") Well, Ike has a tax bent, and it's to slash. That cheers us!

courier's cues: Taft's tiff with Ike convinced even diehards that Ike has not been captured by Taft, and that Taft reserves the right to yelp when he feels like it—useful characteristics on both sides. . . . Don't be startled if Congress urges indictment of Russia for Katyn killings. . . . Six million veterans holding National Service Life Insurance policies will receive a '53 dividend of 200 million dollars. . . . If the Korean war is to expand, the offensive will come with spring. . . . And that's about the time that Ex-President Truman plans his round-the-world trip.

Tito, Egypt's Naguib, France's Pinay, Italy's de Gasperi hope to visit U.S. in Mr. Churchill's wake. . . . 12 women are serving as Representatives in 83rd Congress, one as Senator (Margaret Chase Smith, R., Maine). . . . Governor Earl Warren of California is a likely selection for next Supreme Court vacancy. . . . The Boy Scouts, with 3,250,000 members, observes its 43rd birthday the week of Feb. 7 to 13.

Your food bill will be about the same this year as last. More fresh vegetables, beef, veal, chicken, frozen fruits, less pork, butter and eggs.

#### · ABROAD ·

MEXICO: The United States is not the only American nation with a new President. Mexico's Miguel Aleman. moved out of the Casa Crema and



RNS PHOTO

TV SUNDAY SCHOOL: Dr. Floyd Boice, Miami, Florida, pastor, conducts a class for youngsters over television station WTVJ each Sunday at 9:30 a.m. Founded by Dr. Boice, the half-hour program, believed to be the first of its kind, is televised from a studio set resembling a typical Sunday-school room.

Adolfo Ruiz Cortines moved in. Aleman, unlike many Mexican Presidents, was a civilian but a lawyer. Cortines is a plain, everyday man, no titles, no professional training. In 1922, after a job in a haberdashery shop in Vera Cruz and a long hitch in the army, he entered civil service. A "career man," he worked himself up to the top of the civil service ladder and in 1938 stepped across to the bottom of the national political ladder and went on with his climbing. He became governor of Vera Cruz state, Secretary of Interior, and now he's President.

Two of his qualities are modesty and honesty, eminent qualifications for any high office. While other politicians were making their public trust a good thing for themselves, he was making his a good thing for the people. Now the people have paid off with the most important recognition in their power to give. Land of the "bite" (bribe which Mexican citizens have grumblingly but of necessity paid to public servants to get something done which it was their duty to do anyway), Mexico may be in for a lower-echelon shakeup. The inaugural speech sounds like it. President Cortines warned, "We shall not tolerate under any circumstances the slightest deviation from the highest moral principles.'

over a barrel. India had suggested a way to handle the prickly prisoner issue. Britain and our allies were for it; we, seeming to be crotchety ag'iners, disapproved of India's plan and said so in not-too-delicate terms. All of

which meant friction between friends, with a gloating Russia standing on the sidelines. By every law of logic, Mr. Vishinsky should have remained enigmatically silent while one more strand of the rope holding the West together snapped dismayingly.

What did he actually do? He made a bitter speech denouncing India's nerve! Immediately, the U.S.—deciding that we must be on the wrong side—turned with Britain and India to face the Kremlin. Now it is Russia for a change who is held up before the world as the stubborn resister of negotiation for peace in Korea, not the U.S.

Why did Mr. Vishinsky jump precipitously into the fray? Could it be that he was afraid Red China was ready to make a deal, through the good offices of India, and that the Kremlin passed along quick orders to slap down the boys at Peiping before they got out of hand?

COINCIDENCE? Eleven of the fourteen Czech Red leaders who were hanged were Jews. In Soviet Romania, Ana Pauker fell from grace last year; she is Jewish. In Soviet Poland, Premier Bierut has called for vigilance against "Zionist intrigues." In Russia, where millions of Jews still reside (second in numbers only to those in U.S.), they have all but disappeared from public life. In the 1950 Supreme Soviet elections, only five of 1316 deputies were Jews, and at the recent Moscow Congress only two received posts in 372 party offices. Now the hangings.

Are these items and Mr. Stalin's interest in the Arabs of the Middle East



RNS PHO

COUNCIL HEAD: Retiring president Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill (left) hands over the gavel to Methodist Bishop William C. Marţin, who succeeds him as National Council head. The election occurred at the recent General Assembly held in Denver.

pure coincidence? Run down the list of Arab states: Iran—a plum nearly ripe for the shaking; Iraq—being infiltrated by Communist agents; Egypt — politically turbulent; North Africa—demanding independence. Arabic broadcasts from Moscow call Israel a "threat" to the Arabs. The picture all fits together.

mother hen over the Saarland and North Africa. To make sure that Saar elections favored France, no pro-German party was allowed to put up candidates. French Foreign Minister Schuman is trying to silence the North African issue in the UN. But you don't solve anything that way. When a safety valve is tied down so that no grievance can escape, the boiler blows up.

We ourselves could do a bit of blowing up on the issue of French taxes. With almost no shortages, hardly any unemployment, production above par -the overwhelming majority of Frenchmen just don't bother to pay income or profit taxes. In the U.S. in 1951, the individual taxpayer and business enterprise paid the Treasury 80 per cent of the total taxes the U.S. collected. That same year in France, direct taxes brought in only 40 per cent of the French total. In 1952, it was about 28 per cent, or two billion dollars. Meanwhile, in 1952, the U.S. contributed more than 1% billion dollars in aid to France and its Indo-China forces. U.S. taxpayers paid directly almost as much as French taxpayers to keep France in operation!

NATO: What has it accomplished? In two years, a force of twenty-five to

thirty active and ready divisions has been built up, extending from Norway to the Po valley, and supported by air power. There are twelve more divisions in various stages of readiness. In Germany, there are five American and four British divisions.

What is yet to be accomplished? Experts say that stopping a Russian invasion of Western Europe would require 80 to 110 divisions. NATO has only half enough.

What are NATO's prospects? The goals just won't be met unless U.S. aid is increased considerably (!); Germany is rearmed (France is resisting); Europe goes on a war footing (hardly). The chances are that NATO is just about as strong at this moment as it will be for a long time, and that with a military nucleus formed, pact allies will turn their attention to political and economic problems.

#### • CHURCH NEWS •

DENVER: The second General Assembly of the National Council of Churches received the Greek Orthodox Church in America as its 30th constituent body, increasing the Council's base by more than a million churchmembers. Archbishop Michael, belligerently aware, it seemed to us, of the persecutions of evangelical groups in Greece by his church, stated that "every Church represented in this Council should refrain from encroaching on the membership of the other participating Churches and [this church] trusts that this will be faithfully observed, strictly and without exception.

A Quaker group asked that the constitution be loosened to embrace "all those who want to join in seeking to bring God's kingdom in the world." The change would have opened the door to the Unitarian and Universalist churches—or, for that matter, to the Mohammedans, Buddhists and practically every other we can think of off-hand. The change was rejected. It is still necessary to recognize Jesus Christ as "divine Lord and Saviour" in order to get in, reasonable enough requirement of the National Council of the Churches of Christ.

A meeting of the Commission on Higher Education proposed a national convocation of Christian college leaders in the summer of 1954, to discuss "The Nature and Role of the Christian College." About time for that one!

Bishop Oxnam reported that there are too many preachers in Council work, not enough laymen. As of now, clergymen make up 85 per cent of the 125-member General Board, and of the 3500 members of the Assembly, General Board and commissions and committees, 64 per cent are full-time employees of religious organizations.

PROBLEMS: If you think your church has problems, you ought to consider New York's Broadway Tabernacle. Like many churches, this one is located in what is politely called a "changing neighborhood." Only 10 per cent of the members live in the 16-block area directly west, inhabited by 21,219 nonmembers. Most of them are whites, 75 per cent are native born. Nearly onefourth of the population are young people under 24. There are two schools, each almost 100 years old. Ten per cent of the school children are involved in truancy or "neglect" (truancy with parental consent). Mothers are afraid to let their children, especially girls, play in the crime-ridden park, and fear to let them play in the streets. One mother interviewed in the survey largely financed by the church said that three of her five children had been hit by cars.

Explained Pastor Albert J. Penner, "Broadway Tabernacle doesn't want to run away from the section, but like many city churches, it was baffled as to what to do." The survey is pointing out directions for service.

An orchid to Broadway Tabernaclel Every church knows that Jesus taught, "Love thy neighbor," but too many of them forget that some neighbors live no farther away than next door.

SECULARISM: Where do we stop, when we begin eliminating religion from American life in the name of the First Amendment? Nine states prohibit Bible reading in the public schools. New York's attempt to introduce an innocuous daily prayer has been largely frustrated. Brooklyn's schools a few years back banned the singing of religious Christmas carols. Another city banned the use of the Nativity scene in Christmas observances. Many are discontinuing baccalaureate services. The reason in each case: Religion and public institutions don't mix.

If we carry this thing with unrelenting logic right up to the base of the "wall of separation," we're letting ourselves in for more than we've bargained. Consider the reports from London that the abbreviation "A.D." has been abolished in Iron Curtain countries because of its Christian connotation. Do we want to go that far here?

MISSIONARIES: In countless fields, missionaries have found their activities hampered, even nullified, by the attitudes of American businessmen and diplomats. Last month we mentioned Mrs. Lillian Dickson on Formosa, and her encounter with a government representative. Her approach to Formosans: "How can I help you?" His: "What is my country going to get out of this by my helping you?"

The National Council's Division of

Foreign Missions has come up with a probe that may help: How can American businessmen and technicians abroad be chosen or trained so they will better represent the U.S. in the countries where they work? "We are not especially concerned with missionaries in this survey," says Dr. Fred Field Goodsell, "but with businessmen, industrialists, educators, Point IV personnel and others." Most of them have no interest in spiritual matters—and, official or not, they are "ambassadors" and their attitudes count.

The only trouble: The idea is just about two hundred years too late.

COURT: Time and again, as a churchmember, we have been humiliated, as have you, by church fights taken to law. In the last few months particularly there have been a rash of law suits-one faction trying to oust another faction. If Christianity teaches anything (whether in the King James or Revised Standard Version!) it is that love has to begin in the church if it's to begin anywhere. This reporter doesn't know all the facts surrounding the Bible Protestant church at Koonsville, Pennsylvania, nor do we want to know the unhappy details. We do know that the court at nearby Wilkes-Barre had to suggest gently that the litigants would do well to go back to their altar and pray about it.

IN BRIEF: One to take to heart: a survey by the Catholic Digest shows that 25 per cent of American Protestants attend church services weekly, 12 per cent of Jews, 62 per cent of Roman Catholics.... The International Union of Gospel Missions (Bowery Mission's George Bolton is President) in cooperation with Houghton College, again this year will set up summer courses in the techniques of rescue mission work-June 22-July 3. . . . A department store in Portland, Maine, donates 10 per cent of sales from 6 to 9 p.m. Saturdays and Mondays to church named by customer. . . . Solar Aircraft Corp. at San Diego will build a chapel to serve its employees. . . . In Jackson, Miss., a Methodist bishop assisted a Roman Catholic bishop in laying the cornerstone of a new Catholic hospital; now we'd like to see a vice versa story.

Ninety-five per cent of D.P.'s brought to U.S. under National Lutheran Council auspices have become members of Protestant congregations, and 88 per cent of those who arrived before June 30, 1949, have declared their intention to become American citizens. . . . Free Methodists attained a new high per capita giving in the past year: \$194.79 average for each adult member. . . Dr. John Bright, Richmond professor, won 1952 Abingdon-Cokesbury \$7500

Plaque at right designates St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Mt. Vernon, N.Y., as a national shrine of the Bill of Rights, whose 161st anniversary the ceremony marked. It



was in St. Paul's churchyard (left) that the election of 1733 was held which led to the trial of printer John Peter Zenger for libel, his subsequent vindication, and ultimate adoption of the Bill of Rights and the doctrine of freedom of the press. The plaque was accepted by the Rev. Darby W. Betts, canon of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, N.Y.

award for his manuscript, "The Kingdom of God". . . . Ezra Taft Benson, Secretary of Agriculture, is high official of Mormon Church.

#### • TEMPERANCE •

TOBACCO: The evidence piles up! Two years ago, Britain's Medical Journal carried a preliminary report by Drs. Richard Doll and A. Bradford Hill. leaders and members of the British Medical Research Council, showing that smoking was "an important factor in the production of carcinoma of the lung" (lung cancer). Now the study has been under way four years and findings are more conclusive. Say the doctors this time, "It is concluded that the association between smoking and carcinoma of the lung is real. Our estimates indicate that the risk of dying of lung carcinoma increases with age, as is of course known, and in approximately simple arithmetical proportion with the amount smoked."

No longer is it merely a finger of suspicion pointed at tobacco. Now tobacco seems to have been caught redhanded!

YOUTH: Four hundred youngsters at Buck Hill Falls again gave the lie to the canard that only umbrella-carrying, string-cravated octogenarians are concerned with the threat of beverage alcohol. The 7th annual Allied Youth conference listened attentively to AY's philosophy that you don't have to drink to have fun, and each evening put on boisterous square dances, talent shows and game sessions to prove it. While most oldsters are doing nothing more than deploring the antics of the current

high school set, youth itself is hunting facts and figures on what it costs to surrender the steering wheel of a life to the brain-dulling drug.

AY has over 16,000 members, executive secretary Roy Breg announced, with the largest "post" in Amarillo, Texas (1050 members). Headquarters at 1709 M Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. will help you get AY into your local high school.

MODERATION: "Am I my brother's keeper?" the moderate drinker asks rhetorically, refusing to admit that the answer is "Yes!" The American Business Men's Research Foundation goes at the matter of responsibility from another angle in a cartoon that should rock drinkers, particularly "cocktail Christians," back on their heels. We hope the friend sees it, who told us once, "Sure, I drink. I think it's all right for me, but not all right for young people." And the person who said, "I know how to hold my liquor; I know when to stop." And the horde of drinkers who argue, "This is a free country; it's my business. Nobody else is concerned.'

Gist of the cartoon: You may think you are drinking moderately, or behind closed doors where you can't hurt or even influence anyone else. But—"every drink you take furnishes 2 per cent of its cost (1) to induce drinkers to drink more, or (2) to induce non-drinkers to start drinking." The moderate drinker makes his contribution—and a handsome one—to the advertising budgets of distillers and brewers who, despite their protestations of innocence, are not advertising for their health (or anyone else's!)

#### peaking. ditorially &

#### YES - BUT?

THE impressive statement of Roman Catholic bishops, issued at the close of their annual meeting on November 15th in Washington, D.C., names religion as America's "most vital asset." Basic principles are reaffirmed and presented with rare and incisive eloquence in this document, and should have the support of all faiths. Certainly Protestants will agree that "in the measure that the state has excluded religion, it has shown a tendency to become an instrument of tyranny." The statement goes on then to affirm that "the irreligious state sets itself up in the place of God" and " . . . demands an absolute loyalty such as can be claimed only by Truth itself.'

Again we agree, but as we read on we have a growing anxiety because in the Bishop's statement "absolute Truth" is associated with one and only one church. "Man needs to attain to his destiny . . . Also the truth which Christ has revealed: He needs the Church which

Christ has established.'

Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam of Washington, D.C., was "profoundly grateful to the Roman Catholic bishops for their excellent and moving statement of the case for religion," but he called upon the Roman Catholic hierarchy to declare "in clear and unmistakable language" that the church does not want and will not accept public support for parochial schools.

In the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, on Sunday, November 21st, Bishop Horace William Baden Donegan also expressed appreciation for the statement of the bishops and then identified himself fully with Bishop Oxnam in the matter of public funds for church

or private institutions of learning.

In this vital matter, Christian Herald associates itself with Bishop Oxnam.

#### **EUROPE'S DISAPPOINTMENT**

THE veritable outburst of disappointment and some-times bitterness that filled the overseas press generally, and of course the Liberal and Labor journals of England particularly, following the defeat of Governor Adlai Stevenson, was a surprise to many Americans. However, it was significant of the fact that the election of General Eisenhower was looked upon as a reversal of the American policy of cooperation with Europe. The foreign press is, of course, mistaken. That there will be changes follows, but the Republicans have no mandate for a return to isolationism and they know it. Nor would they if they could!

But definitely the Democratic candidate did encourage the belief-in England particularly-that his election would result in a new, a different approach to the effort to break the United Nations impasse in Korea.

In a September 8th press conference he was asked the direct question whether the United States should recognize Red China if the Korean war were settled. This was his answer, as carried by the Associated Press: "There would be very great opposition to that recognition," but he added, "I point out to you that once we had resolved our difficulties with our enemies in this and previous wars, notably in the case of Italy, we recognized them rapidly." Asked then if Red China should get China's permanent seat in the United Nations Security Council, he replied that he did not think "the time will ever come when any country will shoot its way into the UN," but "that the seat should remain vacant or occupied by a government no longer in existence would be unlikely.

It was on the basis of these answers that the New York Post, one of the Governor's all-out supporters, said that Stevenson's words added up in effect to the following course: "In exchange for Chinese withdrawal from Korea and other concessions, this country would agree to dump Chiang as the legally recognized government of China. After an interval, Red China would be given diplomatic recognition and allowed to join the UN.' Similar statements and conclusions were widely publicized throughout the United Kingdom. Certainly they intimated a course of action contingent upon Governor Stevenson's election that would completely identify the United States with Great Britain's policy in China and the Far East. No wonder Mr. Eden, as well as Mr.

Bevan, was unhappy over election results.

#### NO WALL BETWEEN

T HAS remained for a Jew, Weil Herberg, to challenge Production lenge Protestantism to a positive instead of a negative position in the whole matter of religion (not sectarianism) in public education. In an article appearing in "Commentary" and quoted in a "Life" editorial, Mr. Herberg calls upon Protestantism to make a dynamic offensive against any threat of a Godless teaching program in the United States. Dr. Henry Pitt Van Dusen, in his "God in Education," makes a powerful argument against secularism in schools.

CHRISTIAN HERALD follows that argument and agrees with it. Too many of us have been panicked by misstatements of the principle of separation of Church and State. There never has been in America and there never should be a "wall between" religion and the State.

#### "The rats and the mice,





did lead me such a life..."

Have you heard the story of Jasper, Indiana? The town the rats deserted? And the flies deserted? The garbage-less, and the garbage-man-less town?

Ingenious city fathers had an idea, now known as the "Jasper Plan," already spreading to other towns.

"Why in our beautiful town of 5,215 people," they said, "must our lovely housewives play nursemaid to decaying, messy garbage, waiting and waiting for someone to cart it elsewhere?"

Press, radio, and clubs rallied citizens to the idea. A giant purchase of G-E Disposalls® was undertaken. Jasper became the first city to outlaw garbage collection. And a recent public-health survey confirms something the citizens already knew . . . fewer flies and rats . . . with the resulting improvement in . general health.

Other cities picked up the idea. Herrin, Illinois. Then Mount Dora, Florida.

Shorewood Hills, a suburb of Madison, Wisconsin, bought G-E Disposalls for its 475 homes, paid for them, keeps title. We may be witnessing a revolution

in mama's kitchen, not to mention family health.

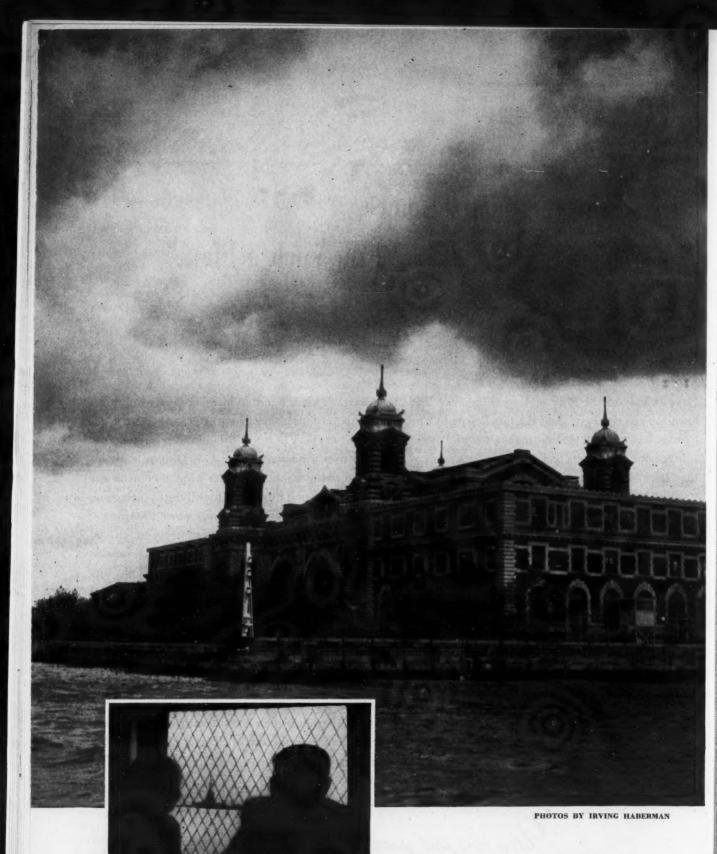
This revolution began with General Electric research 'way back in 1929. First units were built in 1934. Now over a quarter million G-E Disposalls are installed across the country. Over a million dollars was invested to bring this device to its present perfection. Now it looks as if it was certainly worth the effort.

We're not telling you this story to try to sell you Disposalls. That's the job of another very capable department of General Electric. Though if any city fathers read this, and are interested, a letter to General Electric Public Relations, Room 123-2, Schenectady, N. Y., will bring further information.

We're telling you this story with another point in mind. Somebody has to pioneer things. Somebody has to dream a bit, work a lot, spend a lot, and worry a lot to get better things going. Finally things happen.

Looking ahead, five, ten, fifteen years — and doing something — is the aim of General Electric. We like the responsibility, because we like the results. We think you do too.

You can put your confidence in \_
GENERAL ES ELECTRIC



Ellis Island, a fortress of ancient brick and gloom, swallows up many of our new citizens. While unfortunate ones wait months—sometimes years—freedom tantalizes from across the bay.



# america's Darkest Doorway

By KEITH DE FOLO

ILENTLY, I stood in a barren room at Ellis Island and looked out through the heavy, prison-like screens. Across the water, on another and smaller island, the famous "Mother of Exiles" lifted high her flaming torch. The words of hope on the Statue of Liberty—words calling to all the world—flooded into my mind:

"Give me your tired, your poor, Your huddled masses yearning to breathe

The wretched refuse of your teeming shore, Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me:

I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

My heart pounded with the irony of it all. For grim old Ellis Island daily gives the lie to the welcome of that gallant lady on Bedloes Island. Here, the U.S. Government has surrounded its new immigrants with iron fences, padlocked doors and grilled windows. But there is also love and kindness

-love that is spread by a handful of men and women representing the churches of America.

The winter sun was bright on the water as the battered old ferry brought me across from the Battery to Ellis Island. I stared in amazement at the ancient, green-turreted buildings which housed many of America's newest immigrants. Built in the nineties, the sprawling mass of red brick was a shocking contrast to the sleek glass and stainless steel structures rising all over Manhattan.

I walked off the ferry with a crowd of visitors who chattered in a dozen languages. These were friends and relatives coming to visit the detained immigrants on the Island. Every few feet stood a guard who motioned us along to the proper offices. I followed the long gloomy cement corridors past iron doors that were heavily bolted with lock and chain.

Suddenly, I was in the enormous Community Room where most of the Islanders were dejectedly lounging. A few were reading or playing table



A Latvian DP prays silently for freedom at a barred window.



A Mexican father visits his wife, who has been detained nearly a year, and baby, born on the Island.

#### The churches bring the clean, bright light

tennis, but most of the faces looked helplessly into space. This vault-like room is as long as a city block and the tile and yellow plaster walls rise nearly 60 feet in unbroken barrenness. A high balcony runs around this huge arena. The only friendly touch in the room are two American flags. This is the bleak setting in which America's future citizens must spend nearly all of their daytime hours.

As I Turned a corner, I noticed heavy mesh on the windows. Beyond the wire rose the triumphant Statue of Liberty. An immigrant brushed by me at that moment—a woman whose bowed head and weary gait spoke eloquently of her despair. I looked after her; then turned back to the "Mother of Exiles," symbolizing love and refuge to the beaten citizens of the world.

But where was the "lamp" of freedom for these unfortunates on Ellis Island? Where was the "golden door" that always stands open?

For so many poor and sick from overseas the door leads not into freedom but into confinement—which can last from three days to three years.

For them, Ellis Island is a place-of-no-return, a purgatory that lasts indefinitely. Ellis Island—Gateway to America—is actually a gateway to days and months of waiting



Jennie Pratt, veteran welfare worker, shows students how far they traveled to reach the shores of freedom.



An English child and his mother gaze at the Father of their new country and long for the day of release.

#### of education and fellowship into our saddest prison

and frustration. The machinery of our government grinds with agonizing slowness. Many a hopeful immigrant who sails to these shores with high dreams and hopes has been turned into a bitter and resentful citizen.

Who is to blame? Perhaps no one individual. It is the system—the bureaucratic system, which is bogged down with endless questionnaires, photographs, oaths, applications, photostatic copies, trials, court hearings, testimonies, orders and counter-orders, and the rest of the pen and paper paraphernalia that is thrown at almost every immigrant who finds himself on that friendless mound of brick and stone in New York harbor.

BUT NOT completely friendless—for there are those on Ellis Island who have dedicated their lives to these unfortunate ones. For hundreds of years, displaced persons, war refugees, the wealthy, the impoverished, and those in search of religious or political freedom have fled to the United States. And the churches of America have always welcomed them. Today, men and women are still fleeing to America, and the churches still meet them at the piers and at Ellis Island—to help train them for a new kind of life.

What is the tragic error that sends a newcomer to Ellis Island? The immigrant with an irregularity in his passport

or a contagious disease is whisked from the docks on the Hudson River onto the ferry and taken across the bay for detention or deportation. And, naturally, any person who is suspected of being a subversive or an enemy alien is sent to the Island. Actually, less than 1 percent of any ship's passengers go to Ellis Island for further questioning or medical treatment.

But it is always a shock to the immigrant, who expects only the delay of customs inspection.

THERE was the old German DP couple who arrived after the war to spend their last years with a son in Delaware. Instead of the happy reunion with loved ones, the bewildered couple were rushed to the Island. It took the U.S. authorities over a month to clear up a small discrepancy in their passports, which should have been corrected on the other side. When their son was allowed to call for his parents, the old mother had lost fifteen pounds and the father had begun to mumble incoherently to himself. Why did this happen? No one can answer that but the "system"—and all the system can do is to grind out and swallow reams of government forms.

There was the doctor who had fled the tyranny and poverty of Yugoslavia. He had (Continued on page 77)



Yugoslavian immigrants pass the long hours and days working with sewing materials donated by the churches.



Alice Palmer checks the papers of a young engineer from Baghdad who wants to study at an American university.



In the library stocked by churches, two lads with solemn faces read beneath the bust of liberty-loving Lincoln.

# What's Happening

The widening gap between the public and its protectors could be disastrous. But before you point accusingly, take a candid look at your own attitudes.

HE light was green as Ed Brown drove at legal speed toward the intersection. But in that last unpredictable split second, the light snapped from green to red.

Ed's initial reflex yanked his foot from the accelerator. When he saw that he was too close to the light to stop, he treadled the gas: better to go on, when there was no waiting cross traffic

As Ed's car glided through the light, a whistle shrilled. With a resigned grimace he angled toward the curb

The officer would understand his dilemma: whether to slam on the brakes or to continue ahead. The traffic signal with no intermediate caution interval was really to blame. The light was red; Ed was ready to admit that, as he brought his car to a halt and waited. And after all, the cop was only doing his duty, playing it heads-up. Ed rolled down the window and watched the policeman stride toward him.

"I guess I shouldn't—" Ed began humbly, and then stopped in amazement as a torrential tirade broke. Without even the formalities of a barroom brawl, the policeman gave him a dressing down that caused pedestrians to turn their heads and Ed's sense of outrage to flame. The ticket subsequently written was the least of the indignities; Ed had halfway expected that. He had not expected the verbal working-over administered with obvious relish by a "peace" officer.

ous relish by a "peace" officer.

It is probably not important that Ed—one man—won't soon forget his brush with the law. But when police discourtesy becomes commonplace, as it has today, that is important, for it means that something sinister is happening to all of us. When policemen so lose their respect for the public that they take refuge in rudeness and arrogance, and when the average law-abiding citizen thinks of the average cop as something less than his friend, a body-blow is struck at the very roots

of law and order. The widening gap between the public and protectors of the public demands the careful consideration of every citizen who wants to respect his local police, and of every policeman who wants to respect himself.

That's why, without malice, with nothing more than hurt bewilderment, people everywhere are beginning to ask, "What's happening to our cops?"

The top police experts in the country think that you—the U.S. citizen— are mainly to blame. "The public gets exactly the kind of cops it deserves," says Edward Kelly, executive secretary of the International Chiefs of Police.

What is a good policeman? Says FBI Director, J. Edgar Hoover: "He is a well-bred gentleman of clean habits, high morals, clear mind and sound body. Well-trained in his profession, he treats all with respect without deference to anyone."

Does this fit the cop in Hartsdale, N.Y., who swore at a housewife for burning leaves in her backyard? When the woman objected to his tone, the cop called her "stupid." He even threatened to arrest her husband when he intervened and asked the policeman not to curse.

SOMETIMES police discourtesy goes beyond epithet. In Detroit, a man convicted of burglary carried his case to the U.S. Supreme Court, protesting his innocence. He said he was beaten so brutally by the police that he signed a confession in self-defense. The high court overturned the conviction, freed the innocent man.

In Yonkers, N.Y., the public voted against a bill giving higher pay and shorter hours to the town cops. Immediately, the police took revenge. In one day, they wrote over 200 parking tickets; the daily average for two years had been 15 to 20 tickets.

High-handed acts are mounting. The chances are that you have been on the receiving end of some of them yourself or that you know of someone who has.

But more serious even than police bullyism is the upswing in crime. Where were the police when a prominent New York doctor was recently slugged and robbed right outside his office? Since World War II violent waves of sex crimes have snuffed out the lives of many boys and girls as they skipped their way to school in dozens of American communities. In wrath, mothers all over the U.S. have stormed to kindergartens and grade schools where they have stood guard all day over their precious young ones.

IN A SINGLE Manhattan block near Madison Square Garden, merchants have been burgled a dozen times in three years. Finally, in desperation, they drew up a petition for protection and sent it to the Mayor and Police Commissioner. They didn't even get an answer.

"Where is the cop on our corner?" thousands of citizens are asking, as they hurry home along dark, shadowy streets. There are large areas in most big cities that are seldom, if ever, patroled on foot or by a squad car.

Arrogance with the everyday citizen, and inefficiency on the job, are part of the same package—poor methods of selecting and training and administering the police force.

Ed Kelly, a police veteran of 45 years, says, "People don't get excited enough about crime or their bad police. The policeman isn't worth any more than what the public thinks about him, which is very little. As long as the average citizen doesn't try to improve his under-staffed, under-trained, underpaid and politic-strapped police department, nothing will change."

Donal E. J. MacNamara, a noted criminologist-author and director of Law Enforcement at New York University, also blames the citizen. "The average policeman is courageous and willing, but he is always depressed by the feeling that the public is against

# to Our

#### By J. ALVIN KUGELMASS

ILLUSTRATOR: GEORGE WILSON

him. And he is right." MacNamara believes that too many Americans fear or at least, scorn—the policeman. Nothing can grow in this unhealthy air. The cop, who is on the defensive, reveals his inferior feeling by bullying the citizen, which builds up more distrust

toward the cop.

The roots of the public's distrust go back to the American's innate and traditional rebellion at being pushed around. Another reason that we distrust policemen is the general impression that a great many cops in America are taking graft. Actually, a handful of blue-coats are stigmatizing thousands of fine, honest men. MacNamara, who believes that our cops are far from perfect, points out that the newspapers love to expose the corruption of the police but rarely print anything about the loyal, conscientious policemen who do a quiet, effective job. "The whole police department gets a black eve because of the susceptibility of a few.'

Both Kelly and MacNamara accuse the public of gross apathy toward crime. "Unless it strikes home—by hitting you or a loved one—you don't

worry too much about it."

BUT in New York citizens are finally waking up to the reality that New York's "finest" (among the highest paid in the United States) hold one of the lowest records for crime prevention and detection. An impartial survey of New York's police department was made this winter by Bruce Smith, international police authority, who has closely scrutinized cops in hundreds of cities here and in Europe. It shows that New York's police catch over 50 per cent fewer burglars and thieves than the average department in the U.S.

New Yorkers don't see why their cops can't be as alert and honest as the cops of St. Louis. Five years ago St. Louis police tried to hide one of the country's records for murder, theft and perversion by reporting only a fraction of the crimes committed. Women never



### LAYMAN

#### HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT AN EDUCATION?

S TO an education, the first question I would ask any boy or girl is not, "What advantages and facilities do you have?" but "How much do you want an education?" May I say frankly to you young people that unless you are possessed of a burning, consuming desire to obtain knowledge, no matter where or how long you may go to school, you will never become a truly educated person. The difference between an educated and uneducated person is not explained by a difference in advantages, but in the will to do. You may boast of the most beautiful, up-to-date school building in the world and the most complete equipment, but unless you apply yourself earnestly to your studies and improve your opportunities the equipment will do you no good and the building be nothing more than a pleasant place in which to spend your time. It is your work that counts!

walked the streets alone after dark, and children were carefully escorted to school by parents or school authorities. Every day, headlines of violence screamed across the papers. Hundreds of letters poured into the police department every week from frightened citizens who begged for more protection. Hundreds more complained about the discourtesy and brutality of the badly-trained cops toward innocent people.

The Governor of Missouri was forced to appoint a new Police Board in St. Louis. Immediately, the backward St. Louis Police Academy was re-organized and given new spark. Today, the FBI considers it one of the best training schools in the country (others are in Dallas, Texas, and Green-wich, Conn.). The citizens of St. Louis were invited to open house at the Academy, and 75,000 turned out to see the latest crime detection devices. Next, they toured the remodeled district stations in a "Know Your Police Department Week." St. Louis citizens liked what they saw and began to gain confidence in their police.

St. Louis cops themselves were reoriented. In a program, titled "Human Relations," they learned "how to treat people, how to use, not abuse, their authority. . . . " They learned that they were the "people's servants and protectors," which means that St. Louis policemen had to get on the streets and out of the shops, garages and stores. They learned that Negroes committed no more crimes than white men, and they stopped hauling St. Louis Negroes to court whenever the real criminal couldn't conveniently be found.

Today, four years after the St. Louis

police began making friends with the people, St. Louis boasts a model force. Public and police work as a closely-knit team. Many citizens who are given parking or speeding tickets write the Chief of Police, actually praising the courteous conduct of the arresting officer!

While friendship hasn't and will never completely abolish crime in St. Louis, it is making the policeman's job easier and more effective. Knowing that the public has confidence in him has kept many a St. Louis cop from taking a bribe.

What can you do to shape better policemen in your town? What can you do to get the type of policeman who commands your respect?

You can, first of all, put yourself unequivocably on the side of the processes of justice. That includes willingly accepting jury duty. It also includes the duty of testifying, when you have been an eye-witness. Justice-and police morale-suffer because too many passers-by do not want to "get mixed up in" incidents they have seen. If you have witnessed an auto accident, for example, don't ease away without giving the policeman your name and ad-

You can, next, find out for yourself what the requirements are for new cops in your town. Unfortunately most departments do not even demand a high school education; many give a mental test so easy that any bright 15year-old could pass. The emotional instability of many of our police is a grave problem. Says a famous police psychiatrist: "At least one-fourth of the police in the United States are emotionally unfit for their jobs . . . far too

many with sadistic tendencies . . Top police experts recommend that all applicants be given aptitude tests and be examined by psychologists, a rare requirement now. Even the physical standards are unrealistic. Most departments require only brawn with little thought of dexterity. Too often, musclemen are inducted who have defective hearing, bad eyes, mental and nervous

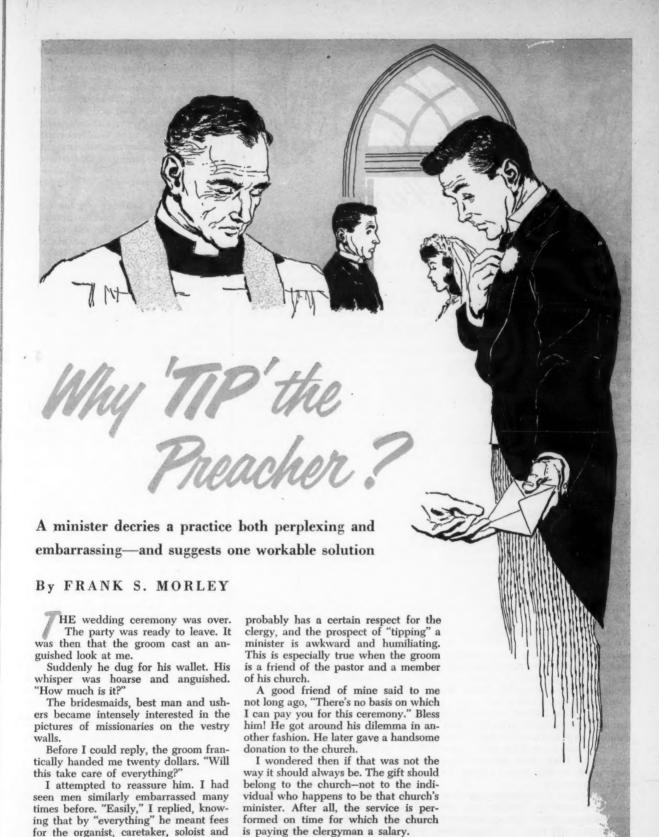
What kind of schooling do your policemen receive? Most surveys of local law enforcement agencies take heavy swipes at the inadequate preservice training given to most police in the big cities. (In small towns, training in any degree is usually non-existent.) The city recruit is pushed through accelerated courses in traffic control, ballistics, report writing, penal codes, municipal code, accident investigation and laboratory techniques. But something more is needed to equip him to protect the peace.

BECAUSE the policeman must be brighter than any criminal, he should be given courses in criminology, psychology and the special techniques in handling juvenile delinquents. Because he needs the citizen as an ally, he should be given training in public relations and public speaking. With the exception of the academies in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Berkeley, California, and a few others, recruits spend far too much time in marching and calisthenics and far too little in head work.

Experts point out that the average policeman doesn't really like his job because he doesn't fully know it. Police-trainer MacNamara says: "It is no coincidence that those police organizations which are effective warriors in this never-ceasing battle against crime-that those police agencies which enjoy high public repute as incorruptible-these law enforcement bodies are the ones with the outstanding training programs." Many colleges, universities and private schools offer police training programs. If only one policeman attends a three-month course, he can build up the quality and standards of his department to a high level by training his fellow cops.

You, as a private citizen, ought to know how your police department polices itself. New York continually rehires cops suspended for drunkenness, reckless driving and brutality. (One had a record of 17 traffic violations.) Wherever this happens, the result is an irresponsible police force with low morale. A policeman should command the admiration of children and the unqualified respect of adults. Instead many parents scare their youngsters by

(Continued on page 76)



Moreover, if the church received the fee, then the amount could be definitely

stated. Some people will find such a

(Continued on next page)

ILLUSTRATOR:
DON SIBLEY

minister. "Thank you."

Such embarrassment is by no means uncommon. Usually, the best man attends to the fee. Whoever does it, he



By JANICE TURNER

WAS a newlywed, transported by love and marriage vows from a newspaper city desk to a farm. I was green as grass, and I faced my first farm task, weaning a fawn-faced calf from its month's milk to a diet of grain and hay, with some misgiving.

"But just suppose," I asked John, who was measuring out the calf's ration, "just suppose it doesn't *like* grain and hay?"

He looked surprised. "Oh, but it will"

"How do you know?"

"Well, they come that way."

They do, indeed, they always do. And that was my first intimation of a solid truth that has been substantiated a thousand times during my three years on the farm: that God is the farmer's best Hand.

God as a farmhand may seem a little irreverent. Most people, when they think of God's agricultural functions, consider Him as a Super Farm Manager, which He is indeed: a tremendous and benevolent farm manager who is the source of farming fundamentals like the seasons, the rain and sunshine and soil, the processes of reproduction and growth.

But He is a farmhand, too, and all His humbler, or more subtle, jobs go unnoticed most of the time, probably because we "can't see the forest for the trees." Everyday use of these good deeds He's done for us has dulled our awareness of them, and we never give a thought to what farming would be like had not God worked to save the farmer a million steps and a million headaches.

Farm animals, as John said, "come that way." They come designed and engineered for the farmer's good. So do farm processes.

For instance, three winters ago I was silently worried by the fact that our cows—ours is a diary farm exclusively—had to stay with their heads in stanchions all night during cold weather. I had observed the summer before that cows like to sleep with the head folded back over the body. I was further trou-

bled by their wintertime sleeplessness: no matter what time of the night we would go into the barn, they were all apparently wide awake. Finally, feeling rather sure I was about to ask a foolish question. I asked it anyway.

"Oh," said John, nice about it, "cows just cat-nap. They eat eight hours, sleep eight hours and chew their cuds eight hours. But they divide it up. Maybe they'll eat, sleep and chew their cuds all in the same hour. And stanchions don't bother them—they can sleep most any way. Standing up, even. Makes it handy for the dairyman."

It did, for a fact. Suppose, I thought, that the dairyman had to fit his waking and sleeping hours to those of his cows? Instead, they can fit their schedule to his, because God had made the cow's personality convenient to the farmer.

But the day John was gored by the bull we learned the lesson best.

UR cows are Jerseys, a breed that boasts the meanest bulls of all. Our bull was a huge petulant creature who had a bark-to mix metaphors-that was supposed to be worse than his bite. Though he bellowed and pawed the earth with fine male gusto, he had never harmed a living thing. But one morning as he was being led out to pasture he quietly turned and pinned John to the ground with his horns. Then he shook his great head, John started to run, and there followed a series of almosttragedies and almost-escapes, from one stable into another. John would certainly have been killed, but the bull failed to realize that his quarry was about to leap into a deep, box-like manger.

As it was, John was painfully but not seriously hurt. Lying there he realized that if that bull's IQ had been a few points higher—in other words, if God had seen fit to make Jersey bulls a little smarter—John himself would not have lived to tell the neighbors. John discovered he'd learned his lesson: he was going to use the superior

(Continued on page 74)

#### WHY 'TIP' THE PREACHER?

(Continued from previous page)

suggestion repugnant—too businesslike for religion. But it would protect those who are ill-informed and likely to offer more than they can afford. And the system would, aside from preventing last-minute embarrassment, prevent a good deal of chiseling by people who demand the services of the church but have no respect for the church's sacraments.

One of my Saturday evening weddings illustrates the manner in which some people "use" the church. Although many ministers do not like Saturday weddings because they come in the midst of preparations for the Sunday services, I ordinarily have no such objections. I appreciate the fact that it gives the bride and groom a longer honeymoon and that, quite often, it is also more convenient for the wedding guests. I do not like to attend a Saturday reception, however, because it usually takes up the entire Saturday evening.

On this particular Saturday, I went to the reception. There, the bride's sister asked me to baptize her infant daughter. I did so.

Following this, the father of the bride called me into the kitchen and proudly pointed to the great variety of wines and whiskies assembled for the wedding celebration. If it wasn't to be an orgy, it appeared to me a reasonable foundation for one. The proud father believed there would be more liquor consumed that night than at the wedding of his other daughter, whose baby

I had just baptized.

Hospitable enough, he was anxious that I have a drink and irritated when I would not.

A grubby envelope was thrust into my hand. It was sealed, of course—that way I couldn't see the contents until well away from the house. Without opening it, I handed it on to my wife. (Wives traditionally receive such fees; I feel they should be pitied!) When my wife opened it she discovered a still grubbier two-dollar bill. Now, taxis had cost us about two-fifty and the certificate had cost fifty cents.

I do not object to being out of pocket. But I do object to the church being treated in so contemptuous a fashion.

These people never came to church. They had, I grieve to admit, no relationship with the church. They had taken time I felt should have been spent on Sunday's services.

Not so long ago one of our wealthiest citizens called me on the telephone. His brother-in-law had died.

"He was a good Presbyterian," the (Continued on page 66)

#### By FAITH BALDWIN AST year, as some of you may recall, I wrote a valentine for you. This one is for myself. I have always loved hearts and flowers. I cherish some rather old examples in paper lace with tarnished silver trim, of February 14th. Today, while I am by no means informing myself that I like me, I am reminding myself of blessings. Winter brings many dispiriting days in my section. I am not much affected by weather, as are some people. I don't like it too hot or too cold, but, on the other hand, I am not temperamental about it. A gloomy day does not as a rule bring gloom to me. I rather like a hard rain or a wild snowing, and the hearth fire lit, the tea things ready. And bad weather, so called, usually results in work, because then there are no real temptations to go gadding about. But now and then there are days which lie heavy on the heart-gray and damp, chill and sodden. Sometimes it happens in mid-summer—then the day is (Continued on page 59)



"Now then, Maggie me girl," Uncle Billy would say to Mama, "here's a dress the color to match the ocean in your eyes."

ILLUSTRATOR: NINA ALBRIGHT

SUPPOSE every family has at least one fabulous member, an incredible rascal who goes seven-leaguing it off to some exciting and often forbidden land of adventure. Ours was Uncle Billy.

Uncle Billy, Mama's older brother, was a "sport" and a "heathen." I remember whispering these vaguely explanatory words to playmates as we watched him glide from the parsonage curb in his shining black Cadillac.

Maybe you'll understand a bit better if I explain about our family, which was bound for the Promised Land, and no monkey business. Both my grandfathers had been ministers. Father was pastor of a country circuit in the northern woods, and I had an aunt and a sister much older than I who were missionaries to India. You might say religion ran in the family—if Uncle Billy hadn't been such a determined contradiction.

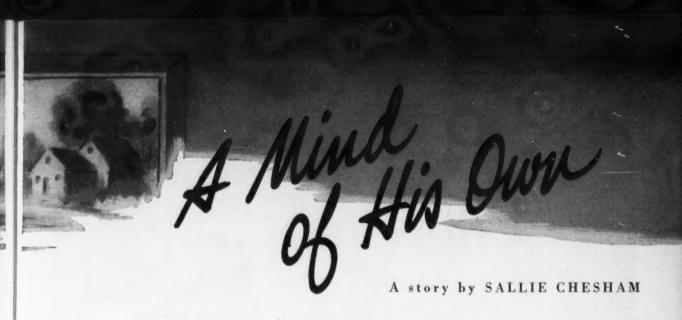
Mama's family was Newfoundland Irish which accounts for a lot. Stubbornest folk in creation, they'll say so themselves. Well, stern old Grandfather and the rest of them "took up with God," as Mama used to tell me. But Uncle Billy, irascible, uncontrollable, lovable Uncle Billy (Will, Mama always called him) "took up with high living."

"A heathen he is," I've heard Mama say as she wiped her glasses after reading one of his letters, "but with a heart soft as butter. More's the pity. And to think, the way he used to sing out in Sunday school with all the strength of his lungs."

"How come Uncle Billy's a sinner?" I asked once. "On account of he's a sport?"

Mama didn't answer immediately, then she mused, "I wouldn't say that, for he's settled some, has Will, in the last few years. Poor boy, he needed a gentler hand. But my child," and she raised an admonishing finger, "'a wise man heareth his father's instruction; but a scorner heareth not rebuke. . . . There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.'" When Mama quoted the Bible, that settled it.

It seems as if I can remember the whole story, it's that real. Up to 1920, which was five years before I was born, Uncle Billy was the big curly-headed blond ex-ship's calker who hit the Florida boom at the right moment and became a bridge-builder and foundation man of repute. In the early days he used to send Mama clippings. Usually he'd be standing beside a tremendous swordfish with the mayor of Miami



Uncle Billy had a way with Irish blarney, and he didn't trouble much about things of the spirit. But there came a day when his own will wasn't enough

or some visiting celebrity, or posed jovially with friends. Uncle Billy was big, almost six-foot-three (Newfoundlanders are giants) and broad with it. His complexion was as ruddy as his volcanic epithets and he had laughing eyes, startling in their blueness, which matched Mama's. The sparkle of his brogue-weighted speech started in those eyes.

Every couple of years he'd come north on business and always managed a day or two "in the woods" with our family. "Maggie, me girl," he'd say, ruffling Mama's graying hair, "is it a scrimpety shroud ye have on?" Drawing back in mock distaste of her worn dress, he'd drop a very swank box in her lap. "Now then, here's the color to match the ocean in your eyes."

Mama was light Irish with golden curly hair and those sea-blue eyes. She wasn't very tall and tended toward plumpness. As each year added a bit more distressing weight Uncle Billy would remark, "My, but ye're a fine figure of a woman, Maggie." Then Mama would beam and straighten her tired shoulders. And when Father would enter the shabby kitchen, his thin dark face gaunt from the troubles of other people, Uncle Billy's greeting would be a lusty if provocative one.

"Robert, me boy!" he'd begin. "The dark angel will be after havin' your hide, if ye stay here much longer. Sure and ye're hypnotized to drivel your good life away in this nowhere."

"It's my place, you scalawag," Father would answer, shaking hands. And he would laugh in his quiet way.

'Ah, Robert," Uncle Billy would then confide in a loud whisper, glancing sidewise at Mama, "now let us be after havin' a bit of a talk. And if ye have one wee drap of sense in your rusty bones we'll all be on our way to Florida.

THEN, abetted by colored photos and gaudy real-estate folders, Uncle Billy extolled the beauties of southern Florida. He told of magical Miami rising out of the flat ocean like a brilliant and exotic tropical plant. He told of the huge apartment building he'd purchased where our family could live rent free. "The very colors would soothe your tired soul, Robert," he said once. "Tis a splendid palette of pastels in the southland. Me own apartment is pink stucco, and the green grounds are splattered with the most outrageous blooms ye can imagine.

Then he winked at Father. "And Robert," he added

wickedly, "the races and the night spots are a bit colorful in their own right."

'Will!" said Mama tartly. "With such talk I've a mind not to make the figgy duff ye're ailin' after." Her tone was light but there was no mistaking its serious intent. She went on rapidly. "Will ye not settle down at fifty odd? Will ye be thinking forever of every spangle in life, but not of the cloak of your soul?"

NAGGIE, me girl," he said, "I have me a few base ideas on that subject. Every man knows his own know best, ye'll agree. I'll thank the Almighty, if there be such a One, to keep to His celestial business and Billy Fitzpatrick will order his own black soul in peace. I'll only be toleratin' the thought of Him because of a few saints like your own dear self and Robert here. God and His high-mucky-mucks need none of me, nor I of them.

"Ye'll be needing the Master one of these days," said Mama slowly. "No man lives unto himself." Uncle Billy caught at that to change the subject. He adored Mama but as he so often said, "A man has no mind unless 'tis his own,' and he would neither be whipped nor coaxed into Chris-

You got it there, Maggie. What Billy Fitzpatrick needs is somebody to live unto, a good substantial ugly wife to keep me feet on the straight and narrow." He grinned. "Only the homely can be holy, ye know that-exceptin' ministers' wives, of course.

"Go way with ye," said Mama,

"And even the saints of this world need a bit of help," continued Uncle Billy impishly. "Many's the time, Maggie, I've seen ye rub a bit of beet juice or pasty mustard on your cheeks to rosy them up, or-

"You rascal!" said Mama. "Stop the blatherin' and heed a word. 'Tis the likes of ye that settle the hardest. And ye so

crazy about children too.

Well, it was not more than two months later that this telegram came to the parsonage: "Married beautiful blonde

today stop see you next week. Billy.

The sum and substance of it all was that Uncle Billy's beautiful blonde wife was, of all the unheard people, a dancer-a ballet dancer. She was an exquisite statuesque Scandinavian girl with milk-white skin and fair hair that (Continued on page 80) reached to her waist

# The Unwanted Christ



TEXT: "All the city came out to meet Jesus; and when they saw Him, they begged Him to leave their neighborhood."—Matthew 8:34



The author is a student at Yale Divinity School, New Haven, Conn.

#### By PAUL DAVID POLING

ESUS enjoyed more "temporary" welcomes than any man in history. Even as a Babe He was greeted with mixed feelings that night in Bethlehem. For even as men adored Him, there were those who wanted to take His life. We read of the multitudes who yearned for His preaching visits—yet His home town could not get over the idea that He was only a carpenter's son. His welcome to the great city of Jerusalem was a stirring event, even if it lacked ticker-tape. But that welcome was the start of the road to Calvary.

We read in this passage that "all the city came out to meet Jesus." Indeed, that very day He had cured the local maniacs of their affliction. It was a matter of minutes before the whole town heard the story from the herdsmen. They ran out of the city gates and "when they saw Him, they begged Him to leave their neighborhood." It is the fastest "hello and good-by" in the Bible. Something must have shocked this crowd. Jesus, unwanted—but why?

First, we should ask, "What did they see?"

He was the great Physician—the great healer of sick souls and broken spirits. Jesus was the prophet. He was a man who possessed a strange power over His fellow men. It was a power that required change. A power or message which meant "do differently; change your ways of living and conduct." His very presence meant a reexamination of values and ideals. Every man knew Him for what He was—a challenge to their ethics and practices—a champion of the outcast and the spiritually lost, and one who dealt with the future as well as the present. This is what they met.

The gospel writer does not tell us

who the people were that came out to greet Jesus. They were probably people not much different from people of today. Some were businessmen, some were town officials and tax collectors or government workers. Possibly a few Roman soldiers or guards were in the group. Certainly some herdsmen and fishermen, as well as officials of the local church were among that crowd.

It does seem strange that this group would drop everything to welcome the Master, then in the same moment, beg Him to leave their neighborhood. Was it that His message annoyed the businessmen who thought their affairs were their own? Maybe they were foreclosing a few mortgages; what of it? Business is business, even if it does mean turning a family out into the wilderness. So they did maintain a high tariff on foreign cloth? It was profits, or else.

And speaking of profits, the herdsmen were blaming Jesus for the loss of their herd. Yes, He had cured the demoniacs, but look at the price! They would rather He had saved the pigsnot cured the mentally ill! And these two madmen. What were they doing back in town? For months they had bothered the community. They wandered around the market place, begging for food. With a united effort, the town had driven them out to the tombs, and there they would stay. Now, to the disgrace of all, they were walking quietly along with Jesus. Such a scandal!

TAX collectors felt uneasy in His presence. He asked pointed questions about local affairs. They accounted to higher ups, not to outsiders. If there was a little left over, who would know the difference? And since when did

religious people meddle in the affairs of the government? This prophet was an enemy—He was quickly unwanted.

The leaders and members of the synagogue knew about Him already. Suppose He was a new prophet? He was a dangerous man. He stirred up the people. He contradicted the Law. He had even been known to break it for His own purposes. Now, He had come to make trouble in the community. Their scribes were good enough, they needed no outsider to read the Scriptures and make them uncomfortable. They didn't want Him to stay—not even overnight.

THE soldiers were unsure of Him. He seemed gentle enough. Yet, He befriended the people who were always in and out of jail. Could they trust Him, especially after the way the riffraff ran after Him? He looked rather mild, but His teachings had a potent effect on the people who listened. He might make trouble—He'd better not stay.

We don't know the whole procedure. Did they stand off among themselves and discuss it? Did they send one of their number to tell Him that they would like a Religious Emphasis Week some other year? Perhaps someone whispered to Him that He should leave before trouble broke out.

He left. There was no argument. They had come out to see Him, and when they found out what He stood for, "they begged Him to leave their neighborhood." Or in simple words, "Get out!"

So the welcome healer became the Unwanted Christ: then and now. We know it is true. He challenges our cul-

(Continued on page 76)



### My First Trip to the Bowery

Shocked by the horror of it, a visitor finds that despair can be conquered by the healing love of Bowery Mission

By CRAIG RANDOLPH

CLIMBED the dingy subway steps and came into the cold air at Spring Street. This part of Manhattan was strange to me. Slowly, I walked east along Spring. The buildings and the people grew steadily shabbier. I turned a corner and stopped as I saw it-New York's Bowery

It sprawled there in all its inglorious dirt and stench. For one abysmal mile, the last mile for many, flop houses, cheap eateries (wryly called "horse markets") and saloons stretched under the long, dark shadow of the Third Avenue "L."

The early morning sun lit up the shabby signs that advertised Alabama House, Liberty Hotel, Confidence Bar & Crill, White Rose Kitchen, Sunshine Hotel, One Mile Tavern. A green and red neon sign still flickered through the winter rays of a sun that could barely

reach this street through the overhead tracks. At that moment, the elevated train roared by, and I shrank into a doorway to escape the deafening noise.

Almost under my feet, a voice whined, "Get off me, will ya!" Looking down, I saw a heap of filth and rags which stirred, then fell apart. A face slowly emerged from the heap.

Actually, it was only the grotesque memory of a face-bearded, scarred. The nose was a ridge of bumps and twists, vivid testimony to many hard beatings. The hair, which should have been snow-white, was streaked with the stains and soot of the Bowery. A pair of bright, blue eyes shone out of the rags, the only bit of purity and hope in this human wreck.

Stumbling onto the sidewalk, I took

one last look. A grimy hand reached out, clutching an empty wine bottle.

This was my first encounter with the Bowery. For years I had heard about the men without hope who existed here. But I never really believed ituntil I saw the "unbelievable" for myself.

As if to mock my doubt, a pathetic assortment of living creatures suddenly came alive on the Street. Out of doorways, flophouses, alleys the inhabitants of the Bowery limped and crawled. Like a weird ballet, the broken and forgotten men of the Bowery readied themselves for another day of waste and hopelessness. Alcohol, sickness, a wrecked marriage, unemployment, the death of a loved one-these are the disasters that have brought good men, intelligent men, college graduates and migratory workers, white and Negro,

ILLUSTRATOR: JOHN FERNIE

family man and lonely bachelor to the very edge of destruction.

As the Bowery woke up, the cheap restaurants began serving their mutton stews, black coffee, stale bread. I wandered into a "horse market" for a cup of bitter coffee. Next to me at the long wooden table slumped a young man with blonde hair. He looked as if he had been sleeping there all night. I offered him a cup of coffee. He grabbed it and greedily lapped up the hot liquid. When he finished, he stared silently at me, carefully taking in my clean shirt and freshly-pressed suit. "You got forty cents?" he asked. "I sure need a bottle of Sneaky Pete. Look!" He held out his hands. They shook violently. "I've had a little trouble lately. That's why I'm down here-until I can get on my feet again.'

Then he told me his story—a tale which follows the pattern of so many, an old story of a bad start followed by a steady slide downhill. So many of the Bowery men have lived out and are living the same tragic story. Both of his parents died before he was eight years old. He spent the next eight years in an orphan asylum. The day after he left the asylum, he stole a car and was put into reform school—the first of many times that he was locked up dur-

ing his teens.

In between these detentions, there were periods of honest work-dishwashing, cooking, counter work in allnight grills. It was during these free periods that he began to drink. At first, it would be only a beer but pretty soon he was heavily "hitting the bottle." While drunk, he would steal a car or a suit of clothes and again be sent off to prison. He hasn't had a steady job for over a year now-not since he broke his leg while moving freight for a trucking company. He figures he doesn't have to work while he is getting a small disability check each week. He usually drinks up his pay in a couple of days.

"Why do I drink?" His answer is short and pathetic: "Because I'm lonely. There's always someone to talk to in the bars." Bitterly, he smiled at me—this boy who couldn't be over 22 years of age.

I was learning fast about the depraved ways of the Bowery—about the things that drove out dignity and self-respect.

Out in the street again, I closed my eyes for a minute. "Oh, God, give us a way to help him—and all the others."

Then I noticed the Bowery Mission sign, shaped like a cross pointing upward to hope. I crossed the street and entered the high, vaulted chapel just as the noonday service began. Nearly 300 men sat in the room whose walls bore verses of inspiration and guidance.

As the organ played "The Old

Rugged Cross," the many bowed heads and bent shoulders spoke of a weariness that had been growing since childhood.

After the hymn, Pastor George Bolton smiled warmly, stepped forward and held out his arms. "Men, what you cannot do for yourself, Christ can do for you. Won't you pray to Him and ask Him to help you? God can fit you for a new life today." An old man, with

#### Not His the House

STEEDE SING ROOM

Not His the house by the side of the road, Where the race of men go by, But the weary, dusty path He trod, 'Neath the burning summer sky. No peaceful hearthstone joys were His—No rooftree over His head: No evensong at the end of the long Day's struggle for daily bread.

But He walked in the way His fellow walked:

Shunned naught of their toil and care. "Companion of sinners," the churchmen mocked.

When He shared of their humble fare. Not His to sit in the scorner's seat, Nor hurl the cynic's ban.

But He walked with the throng when the way was long, And lived as a Friend to man.

No hermit soul, from His kind withdrawn, In a monkish self-content: To dwell alone, like the star of dawn, In a fellowless firmament,

But the wedding feast knew His kindly smile,

And at Lazarus' tomb was a tear; While He walked with men and He talked with them, When the Son of God was here.

He knew full well of the waiting woes
That darkened the downward years:
That man would walk in the way He chose,
Ilis pathway of blood and tears.
But still He rejoiced with the seeking
soul,
And wept o'er the erring one;

And wept o'er the erring one; And He loves today as He loved alway, When He walked this earth with men.

-F. Ellsworth Powell

a pointed white beard, got to his feet. Hesitantly, he began. "I—I just want you to know, Pastor—that I found my way to God four days ago. And—and already he is taking away the desire." There were other beaten and whipped men—young, old, cultured, illiterate—who said they wanted to come back. They said they believed that Christ could cure them.

Pastor Bolton prayed. He promised that God would take away their craving if they were sincere. And he also promised the men that the Bowery Mission would help them to build a new life.

A new life! How many thousands of battered, broken men have walked through the doors of the Bowery Mission and found peace. Here there are free meals for the hungry, warm beds for the tired, clean clothes for the ragged. There is a kind doctor who heals the wine sores, the fractured ribs from falls in the gutter, the "bites" from ill-fitting shoes. The Mission employment agency sends men out to carry and paint signs, to clean house, work on a railroad, cut a lawn.

But the greatest gift that the Bowery Mission offers these nameless men of the Street is release from the habit chains that bind them. Through the cleansing, curing power of Jesus Christ, men continually leave the Mission for a new beginning.

After ten years at the Bowery Mission, Pastor Bolton knows what the Mission can do and what God can do. "We can put new clothes on a man, but it takes God to put a new man in the suit."

Fred Moore is one of them from the Street who is being shaped into a new man by God. Tall, husky, balding Fred told me how he stumbled down the long road to the Bowery. "When I was a kid, I learned to play the trombone. At fifteen, I ran away and joined a carnival. After several years of this hop-and-jump life, I got a job with a dance band in Casper, Wyoming."

After this, Fred traveled all over the country, playing with a variety of bands from Tampa to Tulsa, from Chicago to Portland, Maine.

"The customers used to buy drinks for me and the boys during intermissions. I suppose that's where it all started. Though I never drank very much, I always had the idea it helped me to relax." Fred even whipped together his own Dixieland Band and revue and toured Canada and the New England circuit. Everything he did with music was successful.

Then World War II broke. Fred was shoved into the Infantry at the age of 44. He gave away his music and trombone, intending to buy all new equipment when he came back.

He spent most of his three-year army hitch in the hospital, with high blood pressure and general exhaustion. After his discharge in New York, Fred couldn't seem to save the stake needed to buy a new trombone. "All I had to have was \$400, but instead of putting away the money, I started to drink heavily. I couldn't hold a job—I tried everything." Every time he lost a job from drinking, Fred drifted down to the Bowery where he would hang out



# What Does 100 Look Like?

A grownup recalls here with warmth and rare understanding her childhood discovery of the wonder that is God By GRACE NIES FLETCHER

WAS five years old before I knew that "the everlasting arms" talked about in the Bible belonged to the Lord and not to my father. Every morning after breakfast, Dad would read aloud out of the King James Version to my mother, my brother Ike (who was two at the time), and to me, and while many of the words didn't mean a thing to me, I loved the organ music of the great phrases rolling out from Dad's voice. And the verse I liked best was: "The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms..."

I knew exactly how those arms felt. Often my parents had to take me with them to Sunday night service because my Dad was the preacher and my mother sang in the choir. Wrapped in a blanket, I was parked on two chairs turned seat to seat in the dark Sunday-school room, and told to "Go to sleep now, Susie." At first I'd be terrified for it was as black in there as the inside of my mitten, but pretty soon I'd hear the choir begin, "Rock of ages, cleft for me," and the organ would grow and grow till its booming bass notes shook my chair-bed, and by the time they got to "Hiding in Thee," I'd be asleep. After church I'd only half wake up when Dad came for me, enough to feel his strong arms slide under me gently, to sense who he was, to feel his rough coat against my cheek, his heart beating, strong and sure, under my ear.

"Bless her, she slept right through. Do you think this blanket is enough for her, Sugar?" he'd ask my mother. And then the everlasting arms would carry me home.

I also knew that the Lord lived in the attic in our house because Dad always looked up that way when he and Mother talked to Him, which they did often. Whenever anything went wrong at home or



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at the church, such as the organist having a fight with the soprano, we'd all kneel down and "talk to the Lord about it." (Even today when the congregation begins, "Our Father," I can see in my mind's eye the little cane-seated chair that I knelt at.) But peek as I might. I never could seem to catch even a glimpse of the Lord. When I sneaked up to the attic to look, there was only dust, trunks and a lot of broken-down old furniture. I wasn't at all scared of Him until I heard about His EYE.

My Sunday-school teacher in kindergarten showed me the EYE on a card. It was so big, it took up almost the whole card, with long, funny rays running out from it, and underneath it said, "Thou, God, seest me." He saw everything bad we did and we better watch out, the teacher warned, for He could see us even when we were asleep! The thought of God standing there glaring at me all night terrified me so that I went home howling at the top of my lungs. Dad was very angry with the Sunday-school teacher when I told him what was the matter.

"What does God look like, then?" I

demanded, shivering.
"Look here, Susie." Dad picked me up, wiped my nose, and carried me over to the bay window where Mother's Christmas begonia was a mass of drooping, soft, pink flowers and shiny dark-green leaves. " 'Whatsoever things are lovely . . .' that's how the Lord is, Dad said. "Look at those lovely pink blossoms. Why do you think they grow that way? Because God is in them.'

So now God wasn't an EYE but a begonia plant. It was very confusing. But I knew what church I belonged to, all right. Mother took me with her when she went down to Fort Worth, Texas, to find my baby brother at my grandmother's where the angels had left him. ("Aren't there any angels in I demanded.) My Texas Boston?" cousins made fun of the way I talked, putting an "r" on "saw" and calling a horse a "hoss" like a Yankee. They'd never quite forgiven my parents for staying up North when Dad went there to study at the theological school. So they said to me, disapprovingly, "So you're a little Bostonian, Susie!

"Oh, no," I said, beaming. "I'm a Methodist!"

But I'd just as soon have left my baby brother Ike in Texas, for he proved an awful pest. He was large, healthy, entirely bald except for three hairs, and he had a gooey wet smile that made people cry, "What a darling baby!" and after we got home, the Ladies' Aid held him instead of me on their laps. As soon as he could crawl, he was a cannibal; and by the time he was two, I had hardly a toy left without teethmarks, or a doll with all its limbs. When I couldn't stand it any longer, I gave

Ike to the milkman. "Take him," I said, hoisting Ike up among the rattly milk bottles. "We don't want a baby any more." The milkman thought it was such a good joke that he took Ike with him on his rounds, but unfortunately Mother missed Ike and had hysterics because she wouldn't believe me when I told her I'd given him to the milkman. She had the police out tearing around before Ike was delivered back, safe and sound, with the cream.

My Dad decided he'd cure this awful jealousy of mine by showing me a little attention, so he took me with him one night to prayer meeting. But he certainly hadn't expected me to testify. I was still so small that when I stood up he couldn't see my head over the top of the chair in front of me; all he heard was a piping voice insisting, "I could be a Christian, if it wasn't for Isaac!" A gale of laughter swept over the prayer-meeting room, but Dad did not fail me; he understood how serious it

"We all have our Isaacs," Dad said solemnly.

As I read books on child training now, I see that Ike and I should have turned out to be either juvenile delinquents or gibbering idiots, for we were brought up on a narrow Puritan creed full of shudders for the modern psychologist with his startling array of things you mustn't repress or a complex will pop out. When Ike stole money out of the missionary box, he was spanked till he couldn't sit down for hours. And certainly when I told a lie it was not called "a budding imagination"! It was "an abomination unto the Lord."

Sundays were horribly brittle days because there were so many ways of breaking the Sabbath." We PK's (preacher's kids) couldn't play games, read our everyday fairy books, not even go to another church so far away that it involved taking a street car, for that would make the conductor and motorman work and break the Fourth Commandment. I used to stand in our Methodist yard looking sadly over the fence at the next-door children with whom we played happily on week days, who were having such a wonderful time playing tag, and I'd wonder how they got away with it.

But there were compensations; we did have our "Sunday" book, full of splendidly gory illustrations. Being a Bible storybook fumigated it of all wrong and we loved the large, brightlycolored pictures of David killing Goliath; of Daniel patting a roaring lion on the head; of the hairy Jacob cheating his brother Esau out of his birthright in a typically Old Testament trick; and especially of Jael sitting in a tent and driving a nail through Sisera's head! Battle, spies, treachery,

sudden death-our "Sunday" book served practically the same appetites as the five o'clock children's programs do today on the radio.

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But there was also the picture of Christ blessing little children. My imagination leaped to be with the Man who liked children to sit on His lap and who never said, "Hush, let someone else get a word in edgeways, will you?" as my private interpretation of the scriptures ran. I could hear the voices in that picture of mine, feel the Lord smiling down on the little fellow pushing against His knee. "I found a nice smooth stone for my sling shot!" the little boy was saying, and the Lord answered, "That's nice. Can you hit that tree over there?" The Old Testament stories were exciting, but this Man was real, as real as my Dad. Nights when the lights were turned off, I'd pretend it was me leaning against His knee. "Good night, Lord, sweet dreams," I'd say sleepily to the Almighty.

There was one nice thing about having a minister for a father; he was usually at home when you needed him. Most children know their male parent as the man who comes home tired at night and complains about all that noise, but the only time we were ever cut off from Dad was when he was 'making his sermon." Then indeed we had to walk delicately or we'd feel Mother's hairbrush. We'd listen to Dad pacing back and forth, back and forth, making paths in the worn study carpet; then we'd hear the pound of his two fingers on his rickety typewriter; and finally when it seemed you'd burst if you didn't yell, the study door would

"Hi, kids, let's go for a slide!" Dad would say, adding to Mother, "You come, too, Sugar." He'd concocted a marvelous "double-runner" out of a couple of old sleds and a plank, upon which the whole family flew, gasping with the speed and the cold, over the silver snow on the hill out back of our house. This caused a great deal of head-shaking in the parish, but Dad said that if David could dance before the Lord, he guessed He wouldn't begrudge the minister's family a little coasting.

The greatest treat we children had was going along with Dad when he made his parish calls, sitting beside him on the front seat of the old Dodge which had isinglass "cathedral windows" behind. Dad drove like Jehu, furiously, because he got so busy thinking he forgot to take his foot off the accelerator, which made the trip exciting; and I learned more from his comments on what we passed than I have in three universities since. He always carried a bag of ten-cent store candy in his bulging coat pocket, and

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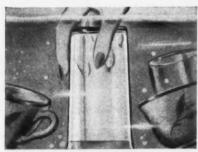
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we'd be munching happily when suddenly he'd jam on the brakes so hard you'd almost go through the windshield. He'd seen a field lily beside the road that he wanted to pick for Mother. But when we came up to it maybe a big black butterfly would be perched on the bright red blossom, waving its gold-spotted wings, so Dad wouldn't pick it after all.

SN'T it queer how the Lord took so much pains with a little insect like that?" Dad would say. "What fun He must have had painting those wings! Gold woven on velvet too delicate to touch even. All that trouble for a little creature that's here today and gone tomorrow. It's almost as great a miracle as a human soul."

"You don't really believe in miracles," I observed patronizingly for I'd just read a book in school that didn't. When I looked up to see if he were scandalized, his eyes were twinkling so I added boldly, "They're just legends. You can't make me believe that Jesus could make bread out of stones!"

"We're making bread out of stones every day," Dad said mildly. "Powdered stones—dirt. We put the seed into the ground, and the sun shines upon it, and the rain waters it, and somehow, no one but the Lord knows why, it grows. And when the grain is ripe, we grind it into flour to make bread. The miracle of life is there just the same." It satisfied me then and it does today.

Not even death had any terrors for us who lived with Dad, for Heaven was as real a place as our backyard. Just as naturally as new babies were always being baptized in our front parlor, so old people in our parish were constantly moving into the mansions which the Lord had prepared for them. Maybe the phone would ring at two in the morning when life is at its lowest ebb for sick people, and Dad would get up to promise sleepily, "I'll be right there." Hours later his old jalopy would come rattling back into the yard and we children would wake up to hear Mother calling to him from the top of the stairs as he came in.

"You all right, Lover?" she'd ask anxiously. "What was the matter?"

My father's voice, tired but filled with quiet exaltation, would call back, "Old Mrs. Weeks was released at last. It was a glorious homecoming. You could almost hear the beat of wings about her head."

Dear father, the beat of the invisible wings of Heaven were always in his own ears and sometimes they got so loud that even the rest of us heard them. Like that lovely autumn day when I went with him to the little white church where he was to preach, up in

(Continued on page 47)



# I FELL IN LOVE WITH A COUNTRY CHURCH

A newcomer to a rural church found that everybody pitches in-and likes it!

By EDWIN G. ROBB

HEN WE moved from the city to the country, I didn't expect much from the little white church in the river valley.

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At the first service I attended, the scant congregation became restless and even began to snicker during the sermon because a gray cat had found her way up front and was strolling about behind the minister who was unaware of her presence. On the following Sunday the hymnal on the piano tumbled down onto the keys making a loud discord, causing the pianist to utter audibly, "Oh, land!" At another time, as a row of people stood up to sing, their pew tipped over backward, striking the floor with a thunderous crash.

How could one take this village church seriously? Who could be inspired in such a hit-or-miss atmosphere? Even the pastor who also served another congregation in a larger community said revealingly, "I enjoy this little church the most—because I never know what's going to happen!"

For some time after joining the church-in-the-wildwood, I continued to chuckle at the folksy way it carried on its worship of God. There was the Sunday when it came time for the choir's first anthem, and the singers showed

sudden agitation. They had left their sheet music at the back of the church! Nothing daunted, the choir director spoke to the minister across the space that separated them: "I'm afraid we're not quite ready yet, Mr. Jones." With-



Author Robb: "What I found was God."

out batting an eye, the pastor said, "Very well, let us pray."

At another service, the woman soloist began to fear she was off-key. She merely stopped singing, turned to the pianist, and said calmly, "Pardon me, Mrs. Peterson." Then the two went into a musical huddle about where to start again. No one seemed surprised.

Presently, however, to my surprise, my tongue-in-cheek attitude began to disappear. I realized that here, more was expected of me than my mere presence on Sunday mornings as I passively absorbed God's message—sincerely presented in spite of mishaps of various kinds. Our pastor came to me and said imploringly, "The Sunday-school superintendent is moving away. Would you take his place?"

Now, in the big city church I had attended since childhood, there had never been any need for me to work. Its large membership of devoted and talented people in a beautifully-equipped institution had no vacant place of service for me. But in the village church, the minister's voice was urgent. I felt that a "No" from me would be equivalent to refusing help to a drowning man. So I accepted.

Then, in an off-hand way, the



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minister added, "Oh, by the way, we're a little short of Sunday-school teachers. You'll *love* taking the Junior class."

Soon I found that as superintendent I was a member of the church board. As a teacher, I was an ex-officio member of the Committee on Religious Education.

Not long after becoming a pillar of the Sunday school, the news that our pianist wanted a vacation was directed my way. "Does anyone else in the church play?" people asked innocently, knowing full well that I played—after a fashion. So one Sunday morning I found myself wearing a robe, seated at the piano, struggling to read notes from a hymn book that was trying its best to jump off the music rack. I tried in vain to make the prelude sound as though it came from a pipe organ.

Plunging into its program headfirst, I became aware of the difference between this church and its city cousin. Facilities were pathetically meager; the membership's most noticeable trait was its smallness and it tendency to settle down in the rear pews. Clearly this church needed every member it could recruit; and it needed not so much members who would sign their names to the roll as loyal people who would pitch in whole-heartedly and work on an endless number of projects.

"How about dropping over Saturday morning to help us paint the basement?" or "We're going to need a boost tomorrow when we move the piano to the town hall for the Young Adult program," were typical requests fired at me as a newcomer. Feminine members were regularly approached with such calls for help as "Be sure to bring a pound of coffee for the Family Night dinner" . . . "Can we count on you to serve at the Father-and-Son banquet?"

WEDDINGS and funerals were big events in this rural church's life. To be a success, weddings especially required everyone's cooperation. Somebody gave the church an extra midweek cleaning, and for the reception the basement was rigged up to resemble the more dignified parlors of the city churches. One woman in our church always decorated the interior with original flower designs—just for the pleasure of it. A wedding was always the signal for a team of village women to come hustling with reception refreshments,

Funerals also became the concern of the entire community, because the departed was inevitably a close relative or a good neighbor to everyone else. "Do you suppose you could play for Chris Larson's service tomorrow afternoon?" the minister asked me. Since I was the only person available at the moment, there was really no choice. You just don't say, "Sorry, I'm busy," when the family of the deceased lives only two houses away. And although there was no chance to practice with the singer beforehand, I agreed to play because the church's problem of holding a satisfactory funeral somehow became my problem.

ALONG with weddings and funerals, such celebrations as Christmas, Palm Sunday, Maundy Thursday, and Easter make extra-heavy demands upon the limited number of rural church workers. This last Easter, as the eleven o'clock service drew near, we looked around anxiously for our tenor who was to sing the first solo. Eleven o'clock arrived, but our tenor didn't. Although his house was built on a small knoll, the great flood of 1952 surrounded it. He used a boat to get to and from the house. While he was in the house dressing for church, someone had come along and borrowed the boat! By the time our tenor got to church, the number with his solo was over! He felt bad enough to cry.

It isn't just the special days which cause us worry and overtime work, as a personal schedule of events for one Sunday last fall shows. When a planned puppet show for the Sunday school fell through at the last minute, "You've got to help us out!" they begged me. We need something to take the place of that puppet show. Any kind of little talk will do." So, sandwiched in between the hymns I played for the Sunday school was an unpretentious sermonette. Next event was the regular morning church service. At two o'clock I came on deck again for a funeral with some uneasiness, because I had no idea what the musical selections were to be. "How about 'One Sweetly Solemn Thought'" the soloist whispered to me in the hallway. "I've never seen it, but I'm game to try," I whispered back. My final job that day was finished when I concluded a talk about our Young Adults during the intermission of a choral concert.

The country church has this habit of requiring its people to do definite things in the name of God. And not only do members work together specifically for the church; neighbors are always helping neighbors—whether it's sending each other food, digging wells, painting houses, or fighting floods and fires together.

Because teamwork is the keynote in the rural church, our pastor assumes that every member, no matter how talented or untalented, will perform at least one important duty. If an array of glittering talent in the country church is conspicuous by its absence, how far the small talents of its people go! Talents used in this way actually seem to grow. Whatever the church's need of

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the moment, we always seem able to find members willing to answer the call. Carpenters, electricians and plumbers appeared magically when the new doors had to be installed, the furnace overhauled, or the leaky pump repaired. Although they spent long hours working for the church, no bills from them ever worried the treasurer.

A few years ago one of the most evident needs of our church was a larger choir. A militant effort was made to enlist new members. Whether prospective members could sing or not was beside the point. Soon the choir grew from a timid little group of four or five to an imposing eighteen or twenty. Although none of us pretends to be anything more than a rank amateur, there are some Sundays when we manage to render anthems which actually soothe the ear! Extracurricular activities of the choir range from singing in an old people's home to serving itself a ham dinner, one of the gayest events on the village calendar. And on Christmas Eve none of the songsters would dream of missing the caroling which fills the village with music.

The Women's Society of Christian Service also has a talent—the special talent for money-making. In fact, without the ladies there would be no village church at all. Whether it's a bake sale featuring their fragrant homemade bread, or their monthly family dinners, the women account for the largest share of the church's income. Their annual smörgasbord with its host of delicious Scandinavian dishes attracts an enthusiastic crowd from miles around.

Probably the high mark of all the talents brought to our church is found in our Young Adult group. If the minister must be out of the village for a week end, he has no trouble lining up a lay preacher to pinch-hit. Most of our young people, while subject to a normal amount of stage fright, have spoken from the pulpit at one time or another.

One evening, when our Young Adults were sponsoring a community cultural program, the scheduled speaker was detained because of bad roads. This speaker was an authority on co-operatives in Sweden. When it became obvious that our main attraction was going to be either late or absent, the Young Adults fretted over how to "stall." I played three hymns, and still the speaker didn't appear. At last, in desperation, one of our members (who knew something of the subject from reading) got up before the crowd and talked for fifteen minutes about co-operatives! How many young people's groups could boast a member who'd make as good a showing?

Besides being equal to emergencies, our young people are blessed with a talent for whipping up good parties. They can dream up a skit for any occasion. Basket socials, square dances, and holiday parties flourish amidst colorful decorations and jolly games. One summer evening the Young Adults piled into a huge Navy surplus life raft and were towed by boat and outboard motor across the river for a wiener roast. They had more fun than a Boy Scout troop on an overnight hike!

How does God enter this picture of the simple little church serving farmers and villagers in a quiet river settlement? The answer is easy. After you join in papering the rooms of the parsonage, planning a series of social events for the community, spending every Thursday night singing and later drinking coffee with your fellow choir members, a change occurs within you. At first all these goings-on had seemed time-wasting chores to be avoided. Then you discover that where folks work and play and weep together, God is there.

When you hear a life-long member declare affectionately, "We know we're funny-but we like it that way!" you suddenly realize that you like it that way, too. And when another villager says, "This place is full of characters, but I'm the biggest character of all!" you forget that you did, in fact, think of the people as characters. Now you like them. What if the services don't usually come off without a hitch? Smoothness doesn't always insure sincerity. A mistake here and there isn't important because it doesn't hamper devoted worship and service. You learn the truth of Paul's words in his second letter to the church at Corinth: "My grace is sufficient for thee: my strength is made perfect in weakness.'

F YOU live in the country and think you've lost God, I know one way to find Him again: throw your lot with the congregation of the little white frame church. Here, removed from the tense, commercial atmosphere of the city, you will find that He has moved from the background of your life to the foreground, front and center.

But lest some urban church member should feel that he must migrate, let me add that the rural church is only one of God's houses. Certainly it is not superior to its city counterpart; it is only different. Each offers its own challenge to religious growth. Because I did not make myself receptive, I missed my opportunity to serve in the big city church I loved, Later, in my ignorance, I expected little of the country church; but what I found was God Himself.

The point is that every church has jobs crying for workers. You can serve where you are, and find God there.



# The Tears of Martha Higgins

A story by
MYLES D. BLANCHARD

ARTHA HIGGINS had barely scanned the letter which the postman delivered on Saturday morning. It simply said that the School Board wished to see her on the following Monday afternoon at five. It meant, of course, that she was to be consulted about next year's teachers at the Hemmingway School. For forty years she had been part of Milldale's school system, for thirty years principal of Hemmingway. Each year she had been consulted about her teaching staff and the meeting coming up was simply a routine one. So she had put the letter aside and started on her week's washing.

It wasn't until she was inside the Board room, with the doors closed behind her, facing the group of three men and two women, that she knew immediately that this Monday afternoon's meeting would not be a routine affair. She sensed that something was wrong, and her mind searched itself to uncover what it might be. Then the chairman, Maynard Price, began to speak.

"Miss Higgins," he spoke slowly while looking at the ceiling, "the Board has called you in to discuss that matter of . . "he coughed, "your retirement."

Martha Higgins looked at him, speechless. "My retirement?" she repeated finally.

The chairman nodded. "Yes. You are 60 years of age, you know, Miss Higgins." He laughed nervously. "I know women don't like their ages mentioned."

She straightened. "There's never been any secret about my age, Mr. Price. I'm not ashamed of it."

He tried to mollify her. "Oh, I meant nothing like

that. It's simply that the Board feels that perhaps now you should make way for someone else-say a new and younger person."

She sat down and tried to think. She did it aloud, hardly noticing what she was saying. "Of course," she began slowly, "there's actually a shortage of teachers and you are finding it hard to find new ones. Also, there are any number of other women in Milldale who are sixty and over who are still teaching. The law says that the matter of retirement is left in the hands of the School Board." She looked up at the five members of the Board. "Perhaps my work has not been satisfactory."

There was silence broken finally by Maynard Price. "When one gets to be sixty, Miss Higgins, naturally he does not react as quickly as does a younger person, and we are living in a very modern age when young people should be trained to think quickly and to act with confidence."

HEN you feel I am incompetent," said Martha

Price's face reddened. "We had hoped that you would understand our attitude, Miss Higgins. Being new on the Board, I am assuming that the voters of Milldale want a new and more efficient educational staff of teachers. I do not feel that I would be true to my trust if I continued the old regime beyond this school year."

Martha Higgins looked at the others. Mrs. James Hutchins was also new, so she apparently shared the

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chairman's views. But the other three, Joseph Briggs, Martin Wilson and Mrs. Hamby, had been serving for a number of years. She looked at each of them, and then she asked, "I am led to believe, then, that you are unanimous in this opinion?'

Mrs. Hutchins said, "I agree . . . for one.

The other members said nothing. Joe Briggs was scribbling something on notepaper, Martin Wilson filling his fountain pen from the bottle in front of him, and Betty Hamby fished for something in her bag.

Maynard Price spoke again. "The retirement pay has been upped recently, and since you have not had children to raise or a home to maintain over the years, you should be able to enjoy life a great deal in the years that remain to you, Miss Higgins." She made no reply. "So the Board wishes you well as you leave. You have been a very faithful teacher and we shall miss you. I only hope you will realize what motivates this on our part."

But it wasn't until that night as she lay in her bed that the real motive flashed through her mind. There in the darkness her mind went back to six vears earlier when Grant Price, Maynard Price's only son, had had trouble in the eighth grade. Grant had been discovered cheating in an examination and Martha Higgins had tried to reason with him, but it had been difficult. After the third offense she had sent a note home to his father. She remembered how Maynard Price had stormed into her office.

'It seems a bit puritanical for you to set yourself up as a judge of my son's character," he had said in pontifical tones. "My son doesn't need to cheat. He has good brains.

She had nodded. "That is true. It's simply that he doesn't use them and a boy who doesn't use his head is lost in the world when he goes out into it. I've tried to show him that nobody but himself gets hurt in cheating. I thought perhaps you could help us both."

**B**UT Maynard Price had assumed a different attitude. "I take it as a personal insult that you have sent this note home to me. I think it's time our teachers knew something about life. To put it frankly, there are too many old maids trying to teach our young people. It's time somebody put a stop to it."

As Martha Higgins surveyed the matter she realized that now, six years later, Price had succeeded in accomplishing what he had wanted.

It was a simple little item in the Milldale Gazette that announced that Martha Higgins would not teach the following year but had been placed on the retirement list. It was buried be-

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neath war news and national politics. Only a few seemed to see it, if telephone calls were any indication. Oh, a few old timers called her to express their regret; they had taught with her for years. And a few pupils met her on the street and in their self-conscious way expressed their sorrow. There had been a few letters from those who years ago had attended Hemingway and gone on to business positions or married. But for the most part in a world harried by personal worries and national tension the severance of a school teacher was evidently something that Milldale could take in stride. And so it was that Martha Higgins spent the summer in more or less bewilderment. Things had moved too fast for her to fully comprehend them. All she really knew was that she would have to give up the apartment, for one thing. And perhaps she could find a rural school that would take a woman sixty years old. It would be better than just sitting around waiting for death or worse to catch up with her.

But there was one thing that never did catch up with her... and that was anger. Once she met Maynard Price on the street and he tried to avoid her but she smiled and said, "It's a nice

morning, isn't it?"

AND he tipped his hat and mumbled something about it s having been a nice summer and hurried on down the street. She hurried after him and caught up with him in a drug store. "I was wondering," she began, "if the Board would want to give me a letter of recommendation. I'm thinking of teaching elsewhere."

His face lightened with obvious relief. "Why, certainly," he said. "I knew things would straighten out for you, Miss Higgins. I'm not really a cruel man. I'm simply one of those who believe in efficiency and efficiency comes with youth. When I get to be sixty myself I hope to give way to a younger man. That's the way the world progresses, I say. Would you care to join me in a lemonade?"

Martha Higgins smiled and shook her head. "I don't think so, Mr. Price. But thank you very much."

"I'll write the letter at once," he said.
"And I'm glad that you are still going to teach."

But as the summer wore on she heard nothing from the various teachers' agencies to whom she had written. Perhaps Maynard Price was right. Maybe the world had moved on so far in advance of people her age that she had no right to expect it to pay any attention to her. Perhaps school teachers should fade away at sixty, although some states gave them longer. Perhaps she was lost and confused in this new age. Maybe she would be better off if she just stayed around and did nothing



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until the time came for her to move on. But it wasn't going to be easy.

Once a man from a small town forty miles north of Milldale came to see her. They talked for a while and then he left. He was a member of the School Board and he said he'd let her know if they could use her. But she never heard any more from him.

Mrs. Hutchins met her on the street one day and suggested rather facetiously that perhaps she could write a book on her experiences as a teacher. Martha Higgins had almost agreed that at least she had a lot of material for such a project, and then she realized that Phoebe Hutchins was merely being very witty, and something hurt down deep inside of her. That was the night Martha Higgins went home and cried a little while before she went to sleep. It had been a long time since she had shed tears and she was pleased and surprised how much better she felt after she had done it.

The summer dragged on. Idleness had never been a part of Martha Higgins' nature. During other summers she had traveled a bit here and there. She'd never been to Europe but she had visited Nova Scotia and once she had been down to Mexico. Most summers had found her doing special work at the university in the field of education. Sometimes she had spent her vacation sewing, getting new clothes in order for the fall. But somehow this summer she seemed to just want to sit and rest-a desire which seemed to confirm Mr. Price's evaluation of her worth, now that she was sixty years old. Once or twice she looked into the mirror to discover what those sixty years had done to her. Quite obviously they had not left her untouched. Her hair was white. There were wrinkles which were still wrinkles even if they were around the eyes and showed that she had smiled a lot. She wasn't quite as straight and tall as she had been, but still she wasn't hunchbacked, either. They said a woman's age could be told by her hands: hers were smooth, but not as pretty as they once were. All in all, perhaps Price was right. The idea both bothered and comforted her.

Then a week before the fall term was to start she had a phone call from Betty Hamby of the School Board.

"Can you meet with the Board in an hour," she asked her.

Martha Higgins was confused. "I think so . . . is something wrong?"

"There certainly is . . . be sure to

And that was all. Martha Higgins was suddenly fearful. For forty years she had tried to do her work conscientiously. She had not bent to favor anybody nor had she sold herself for anybody else's favor. What was wrong? What could they possibly be charging

her with now? For an instant she felt like crying again, but she could not take time for that now. She didn't want to appear before them with red eyes.

As she entered the room she noticed two things. First, Maynard Price's face was red as if he were angry, and second, the members of the Board were on their feet greeting her. Joe Briggs came forward and led her to a chair. She was totally confused.

"You sent for me?" she asked for want of anything better to say.

"We certainly did, Miss Higgins," Betty Hamby said. "We want to know whether you will take the Hemmingway School back, with a salary increase of five hundred dollars.'

The room whirled about her. "Butvou said . . ."

"It would make us very happy, Martha," Joe Briggs said, "if you could forget what was said last June. Most of us . . . yes, I think all of us are ashamed of it." He turned to Maynard Price and looked at him a minute. "Mr. Price's face is red, but mine is even more so because I failed to take my stand when you were here before. Sixty isn't old, Martha. You've got years ahead of you . . . years that can contribute to the welfare of Milldale,

just as you have in the past."
"Please . . . " Betty Hamby said. "Please . . . say yes."

T wasn't until she got home and picked up the weekly edition of the Milldale Gazette that anything made sense. There she found a letter printed on the front page which she read slowly. In fact, before she cut it out she had read it through three times.

Somewhere in Korea

Dear Editor:

Somehow the last few editions of the Gazette have never caught up with me out here. I suppose there is a lot of news which I am short on as a result. Even so, we don't have too much time to sit around and read. However, while I've got the chance, I want to write this much, anyway.

I noticed that Miss Martha Higgins has been retired as principal of the Hemmingway School. I wish to protest against this action and I'd just as soon tell you why.

I, among others, owe Martha Higgins a great deal which we can never repay. My own debt runs something like this: In the eighth grade I somehow got mixed up about values. I thought I could copy somebody else's examination paper and get a good mark without working for it. Martha Higgins took me to one side and talked to me, but it didn't do any good. I repeated my performance a couple of times. Then I went to high school. I woke up. I discovered that if I was ever going to be anybody I'd have to deserve to be. And I changed my tactics.

Out here I have learned even more

to respect the advice I was given back in high school. I know today that nations, just like men, can never amount to anything unless they can hold their heads high and be unashamed.

I started out by saying that I'd missed a few copies of the Gazette. I guess there have been some new members added to the School Board. I don't know who they are, but I want them to know that the whole world, not only the eighth grade in Hemmingway, could listen to Martha Higgins and profit by her words. Somebody in Milldale should be ashamed.

Very truly yours, GRANT PRICE

Martha Higgins went to the telephone and dialed Maynard Price's number. "You should be very proud of Grant," she said, "but I hope his letter didn't influence the Board.'

Maynard Price spoke slowly. "I was coming around later, Martha, to apologize. Would you accept it now? I'm very ... very sorry ... for everything."

And as Martha replaced the receiver she knew that the time had come when she could cry. THE END

#### WHAT DOES GOD LOOK LIKE?

(Continued from page 38)

the hills above Springfield. We were too early for service, and as we stood there, looking down into the deep valley, the view was unbelievable. Most of the trees must have been oak, for the frost had turned the whole valley a deep red, and when the sun came out from behind a cloud, winered glory rolled up the hills and splashed, magnificent, against the sky. It was all so beautiful that it made you ache.

"Nobody but the Lord could paint a picture as grand as that," Dad murmured softly, for you felt like Moses seeing the burning bush, afraid to speak. "And yet I think I like the nights best," Dad mused. "All those stars a million, million worlds. Handel caught a glimpse of what it meant." Then he flung back his head, and his rich tenor voice startled the early churchgoers coming up the hill. "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" Dad sang.

He stopped, grinned down at me and the years fell away so that he was a child again, like me. He asked, "You know the first thing I'm going to do when I get to heaven, Susie? I'm going to stand up beside the Almighty and

fling out a few stars!"

From the EYE to the begonia plant, from the everlasting arms that supported you to the flinger-out of starsand, in the end, you saw the Lord. This is the way my father introduced me to his best friend, the Almighty.



#### Am I My Brother's Keeper?

IN INDIA I asked myself this question when I saw thousands of home less sleeping in the streets of Calcutta and Bombay. When I saw half starved children and "hunger limp" babies like the one above. IN KOREA (My schedule did not permit me to examine the 28 or-phanages in which CCF assists Korean children). There is only ugliness and misery in Korea. Wandering refugees, little ragged chil-dren, destroyed homes. There is hardly a family not broken, fathers taken prisoners or shot, mothers abused and carried off or left dead behind a broken wall. A destroyed country of rubble, rags, disease, hunger and human misery.

IN JAPAN in the Elizabeth Saunders Home for GI babies, deserted by their American fathers, and 18 other CCF orphanages, all over-crowded. IN GERMANY where I saw some of the several million people who are refugees in their own country. Those who escaped from East Germany won their freedom at great Few families escaped intact. Children, parents, wives and husbands shot down or dragged off to labor camps. Those who escaped are destitute. They can't find work and have inadequate food and shelter.

The sick little children of India, the wandering orphans of Korea, that flaxen haired German miss, saw her father killed, God charge me with their plight? I have returned from overseas with the realization that the Communists care enough to make very success-ful capital of democracy's failures and with the strong conviction that we Americans can not close our eyes or stop our ears to the cry of a hungry child anywhere in the world — black, brown, yellow or world — black, brown, yellow or white. The hungry children of the world are more dangerous to us

than the atom bomb. CCF assists children in 97 orphanages in the following countries: Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, Formosa, Indonesia, India, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lap-land, Lebanon, Malaya, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, United States and Western Ger-many. You can adopt a child in any of these countries for ten dollars a month and the child's name, address, picture and information about the child will be furnished. Correspondence with the child is invited. Smaller gifts are equally welcome. God sees not the coin but the heart that gives it.

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# Daily Deditations by John W. McKelvey

#### Sunday, February 1

READ MATTHEW 6:27-29

We muse on miracles who look but lightly on a rose!—Edith Daley

FEBRUARY first is about the cold center of winter in these United States, but in Palestine it is a date well on into spring. Right now we are ice-bound and perhaps in many places snow-bound. It is hard to think that soft, tender flowers will ever bloom again in the hard, frozen earth outside. Yet even now the fields of Palestine are ablaze with the cardinal red anemones, the "lilies of the field." Jesus rightly asked, "And why are you anxious . . .? Consider the lilies of the field." We need nothing so much as faith to see that God does care.

O God, our hearts are made glad at the remembrance of Thy great goodness. Grant that we may have minds always alert to Thy wisdom and sensitive to Thy love, through Christ. Amen.

#### Monday, February 2

READ PROVERBS 22:1

IT WAS reported recently that a Canadian, Lt. Col. Edward Murray Dalziel McNaughton, had been willed the sum of \$250,000 by an aunt on the condition that he adopt her surname of Leslie. The money is a sizeable amount, but Col. McNaughton, currently in Korea, says he doesn't relish the idea of changing the name he has borne all these years. "Who steals my purse steals trash," says Shakespeare, "but he that filches from me my good name ... makes me poor indeed."

Dear Lord, grant us wisdom to prize our heritage in the unseen values of the soul. Give us strength to endure temptation and to overcome evil with good. Amen.

#### Tuesday, February 3

READ JOB 38:28

Why fear tomorrow, timid heart?...We only need to do our part today

-Lydia A. C. Ward

THE question is still undecided as to whether man can "make rain." It is equally significant to ask: Ought man

to be allowed to change the weather by making rain? Professor H. T. Kimble of McGill University points out two reasons why we need to go slow in giving rein to modern rainmakers. First, the results would be difficult to forecast. And secondly, even if successful, the outcome would be sure to please fewer people than natural weather does now. After all, more important than rain is God's infinite providence.

O Father, in whom we live and move and have our being, if we have sinned against Thee, forgive us. Lead us into those paths of uprightness and beside the still waters of truth, for Thy Name's sake. Amen.

#### Wednesday, February 4

READ JEREMIAH 31:9

'Tis this one hour that God has given; His Now we must obey.—LYDIA A. C. WARD

LAST fall a thirteen-year-old second class Boy Scout got lost for seven days in the High Sierras. Remembering the woodman's rule that water runs down hill and that following streams leads to safety, he plodded through brushy canyons, confident in himself and in the rule of the woods he had learned. When he came at last to civilization he said, "I figured I could survive anywhere; I was worried mainly whether my mother would be hunting for me." His faith in following the stream to safety suggests something important to us lost in deeper woods than he.

Almighty God, we come to Thee confessing our hunger and thirst after righteousness and seeking at Thy hand salvation and peace. Deliver us and bless us for Jesus' sake. Amen.

#### Thursday, February 5

READ ROMANS 8:35-37

A NEW book, "Heaven and Earth," has just been translated from the Italian. It tells of a man who became a priest because he was impatient with his fellow men and anxious to join himself to the perfection of God. But try as he would he found himself falling short of the glory which God expected of him. Driven at last in upon his own

unworthiness in the sight of God, he proceeded to serve his fellow men with a new understanding of love: that it was only necessary for him to love, but that it was not necessary that he be loved in return—the secret indeed of the love of God.

Thou, Lord, canst only know the love of God, and yet because Thou hast loved us with a surpassing love we have loved and do love Thee with all our hearts. Bless us. Amen.

#### Friday, February 6

READ PROVERBS 23:29-32

IT WAS reported that when William H. Seward and other political friends came down from Chicago to celebrate Lincoln's election to the Presidency they brought their own wines with them. They proposed a toast to Mr. Lincoln with wine, but he said, "No, boys, water has been good enough so far," and so he drank to their health with water. Somehow the greatness of this man has not been dimmed by the passing decades. Could it be because he had lofty convictions about life and dared to live by them?

Lord Jesus, look with mercy on us in our times of weakness and temptation, and fill us with Thy truth and goodness. Save us from ourselves and give us victory. Amen.

#### Saturday, February 7

READ I THESSALONIANS 5:21

PREMIER Antoine Pinay of France announced last fall some new experiments. "For instance, we divided a Mamambert cheese into two pieces and displayed the two halves at different prices. Always—do you hear me, always—the customer chose the higher priced half of the same cheese." The French premier was deploring the lack of the French housewife's traditional "sense of values," and although he was not moralizing he might have gone on to say that the trouble in our world today is exactly that—a "lost sense of values."

O Blessed Lord Jesus, come into the darkness of our lonely ways and be

a light to our feet. Take from us the evil thoughts, the bitter despair, the empty striving, Amen.

#### Sunday, February 8

READ LUKE 15:17-19

To walk with God, no strength is lost-walk on!-Indian Poet

THE well-known parable of the Prodigal Son presents one of the notable soliloquies of the Bible. It begins with the recognition of his hunger and want and the remembrance of the plenty at home, even for the hired servants. It goes on to his resolve to go home, his realization of sin, his feeling of unworthiness ever again to be included in the family circle, and his self-humiliation—he would ask for a job on the farm. How much we see as we listen to him sob out his anguish and remorse! How wondrously love always meets such contriteness of heart!

Father, forgive us as we draw nigh to Thee and teach us to hate our errors. Help us to find newness of life. Cleanse us from our secret faults, for Thy Son's sake. Amen.

#### Monday, February 9

READ MARK 4:26-28

WINTER! Will it ever end? Yes, for the poet writes, "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" How inevitably and imperceptibly it happens! I recall as vividly as if it were yesterday how I sensed the arrival of spring in Palestine some years ago. Each day as I walked into Jerusalem from the American School of Oriental Research I swept the horizons with my eyes in sheer ecstasy, but one day as I did so it seemed that the landscape was different with the merest breath of color. It was the sheen of "the blade," the first sign of a coming harvest.

Forgive our feverish ways, O Lord, and forbid that we should add to our sin and sorrow by stubbornly refusing to hear and heed Thy voice. Amen.

#### Tuesday, February 10

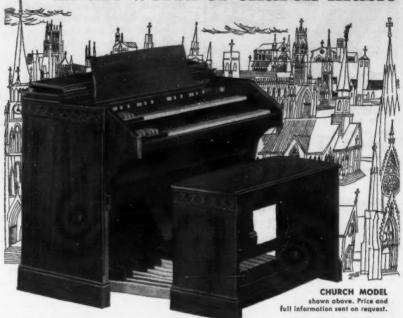
READ HEBREWS 4:15, 16

There's so much on earth to see that marks the hand of Deity.

-ROGER WINSHIP STUART

SOME time ago a New York columnist startled me with a piece on "The Guided Missile." He spoke of the rapid progress our scientists have made in the guided missile program and pointed out the advantages of guided missiles over jet-propelled airplanes. He quoted one of the experts as saying that the cost of the apparatus necessary to keep the pilot alive in the new piloted jets was forcing the scientists closer to the concept of "leaving the pilot out." Alas! that is the whole

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trouble with life today. Our problem is to retain the Pilot, else we perish.

O God, who art the Light, the Way, the Truth, in whom no darkness is, nor error, nor vanity, nor death, grant that we may be filled with Thy fulness grace for grace. Amen.

#### Wednesday, February 11

READ JOHN 15:1, 2

IF WE are ever upset in the turbulent rush of life and wonder if God has deserted us altogether, we ought to take a lesson from these seemingly ruthless winter days. Consider, for example, the havoc wrought as a result of a heavy snow or sleet storm. Nature is broken under the terrific assault. trees are upturned, branches sundered, shrubbery toppled flat. To our sympathetic eye it is disasterous, but actually it is nature's annual pruning. That which is dead or weak and unfruitful is cut off. Our Father is the Husbandman!

Lord Jesus, enter our dark days and dispel evil and wickedness, darkness and death. Teach us to know and love Thee as the Giver of every good gift.

#### Thursday, February 12

READ GALATIANS 6:2

SOMEONE has said the best cure for sorrow is to minister to the sorrow of others. There is the old Hindu story of how a mother, who had lost her only son, was bidden to get a handful of flour from a house in which there was no sorrow. And it happened, when she came to ask her neighbors for such a favor, that she found there was no house without its hidden grief. In hearing and sympathizing with others she thus found release from her own despair. Her lesson is one we can lay to heart, along with Paul's admonition.

We raise to Thee, dear Lord, the needs of all who face trial, endure affliction and bear the weight of sorrow. Heal the wounds and bind up the bruises of life, in Christ's Name. Amen.

#### Friday, February 13

READ LUKE 12:16-19

Let me be faithful to Thy grace, just for today.-Sybil F. PARTRIDGE

HOW MUCH is revealed when we hear a man talking with himself! Take the inmost thoughts of the wealthy farmer in Jesus' parable of the rich fool. There was nothing wrong in his desire to gather in a bumper crop, or in his foresight in anticipating the time of retirement. But something is wrong, and what it is comes to light when he talks with himself. It is his egotism and self-centeredness. He forgot his neighbors, he forgot he was mortal and he forgot God. "But God!" Ah, yes! God was there, notwithstanding.

Teach us, gracious God, to see ourselves as laborers together with Thee. Give us a new vision of Thy plan for us and lead us in the way everlasting, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

#### Saturday, February 14

READ PSALM 125:1, 2

OUR proneness to disbelieve in God's saving power was set forth last fall in a conversation I had with the builder of the Chinese Christian Church in Philadelphia. He had remarked he couldn't finish his job too soon. "Don't you like your job?" I asked. "Not here," he replied, "this is a bad neighborhood." "In that case," I suggested, "it's time we built a church, don't you think?" "It may be, but I want to get out of here without delay," he answered. True, it is a bad neighborhood, but also true and inescapable is John 3:16.

Make us faithful witnesses, O Father, through the Church of Jesus Christ. Let His gospel of love, joy, peace, longsuffering, godliness, faith, and meekness speak in us. Amen.

#### Sunday, February 15

**BEAD BOMANS 12:10, 11** 

Ours the stuff sublime to build Eternity in time!-EDWIN MARKHAM

IN THIS month so reminiscent of Abraham Lincoln it is good to recall something of the spiritual splendor of the man destined to be the Emancipator of the slave. Rufus R. Wilson reports how his friends felt about him. One man said, "Thar was jist one thing Abe Lincoln didn't know; he didn't know how to be mean, to do a mean thing, or think a mean thought. When God made Old Abe He left that out fur other men to divide up among 'em.' Honest Abe no doubt learned loving kindness from the example of Christ and the inspired words of Paul.

Show us, dear Master, how to apply Thy spirit and precepts from day to day, and how to reveal in our deeds the manifold blessings in bearing our cross in Thy Name. Amen.

#### Monday, February 16

BEAD PSALM 46:1. 2

IN attempting to justify the ways of God with us, it will help us to be reminded of what Charles Evans Hughes once said about his college days as he looked back across half a century. He was impressed by two facts, he said: "First, that there was so much that we did not learn, and, second, that we learned so many things that were not so." If his experience is typical, it

accounts in part at least for the prevailing confusion that blights our times. Perhaps the first thing we need to do is to get back to the simple fundamentals: faith, hope and love.

Give us, O Lord, the vision of a world re-won to truth and righteousness. Fill us with power to bring Thy Kingdom of love into reality. Amen.

#### Tuesday, February 17

READ MATTHEW 6:26

THE constant marvel in my way of thinking is how God cares for the birds of the air in winter-time-for that matter, at any time. How striking is Jesus' way of putting it: "Behold the fowls of the air . . . your heavenly Father feedeth them." I remember watching the stork soar in the heavens above Jericho amidst the thick clouds of locusts. They simply stretched their necks at their convenience and gobbled down their breakfast in ease and plenty. It was as simple as that, God's care for them. It can be the same for us, if we have faith!

Turn our minds from every distracting care, Heavenly Father, that we may trust Thee entirely and abide in Thy merciful goodness. Amen.

#### Wednesday, February 18

READ MARK 13:11-13

THERE are for every one of us inexplicable catastrophes, the why and wherefore of which cast us down in speechless sorrow. A public school principal of Long Island, driving a milk truck during his vacation to make some extra money for the expenses of a new baby, expected within two weeks, is killed in a traffic accident on his last day on the job. Why? Impossible as it is to explain it, there is nonetheless comfort for every one willing to turn in faith to God. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people."

Eternal God, we bow before Thee in humility and contriteness, conscious of Thy holy purposes of justice and love, and mindful of our ignorance and frailty. Abide with us evermore. Amen.

#### Thursday, February 19

READ GENESIS 8:22

WINTER is a cold and relentless season. Its snow and ice combine to overwhelm you with hopelessness. And yet it is a time of divine revelation. The hills, though windswept and barren, stand calm and poised. The trees, naked and uncovered, bend gracefully under the blasts of wintry storm and reveal the strength of their hidden years. Even the streams refuse to give up, although winter with its icy fingers tries to subdue them. But win-

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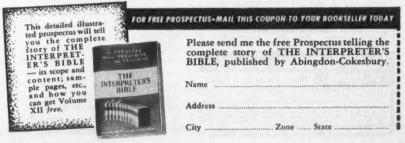
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ter does not spell death; it is instead a pause that leads to new vitality and life. God decrees winter and summer.

Teach us, O God, to know Thee and love Thee who art at work in Thy creation with infinite purpose and without ceasing. Be to us a Strong Rock, a Light, a Saviour. Amen.

#### Friday, February 20

READ I CORINTHIANS 3:9-11

"YOU are God's building." To understand how to perfect this building, let me tell another story about the builder of our Chinese Christian Church in Philadelphia. I was with him one day recently when he said, "I guess you're beginning to see how it's going to look when it's done. Now me, I saw how it was going to look before we ever broke ground. I've got to study the plans first, and unless I can see in my mind's eye how it's going to look when it's done, I wouldn't know how to begin." That's a great secret: to envision Christ's plans for our living temple!

O Christ, our Master-builder, impart to us the pattern of love and life whereby we can build for time and eternity.

#### Saturday, February 21

READ LUKE 18:10-13

ANOTHER of the great soliloquies in the Gospels is found in the parable of the two men who went up to pray. No, not two soliloquies, for the one man was praying and we can never forget the haunting simplicity and sincerity of his prayer which, it is true, we overhear. The Pharisee, on the other hand, was not praying but talking to himself: 'he stood and prayed thus to himself,' boasting of his generosity, comparing himself with other men, and in general revealing his self-pride and self-righteousness. How different from this is prayer when spirit with Spirit meet!

Lord Jesus, teach us how to pray. Give us humble hearts. Remove the beam from our own eyes and cleanse us of our sins and wickedness. Amen.

#### Sunday, February 22

**READ PHILIPPIANS 4:8** 

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair.-HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

ON THIS birthday of the father of our country it is not out of place to ask what made Washington the man he was. Douglas S. Freeman in his biography of Washington answers this by pointing to a marked sense of dependability that characterized his whole life. He says, "It is futile to speculate when and how and why he reached a resolution to square his daily acts with a definite, if unwritten, code of honor . . . The essential fact . . is that these principles were adopted by him." Needless to say, motives, thoughts and purpose do count.

We praise Thee, Lord, for men like Washington who walked with Thee unashamedly and who sought Thy counsel by day and night. Amen.

#### Monday, February 23

READ JOHN 6:39

So faith is strong only when we are strong, shrinks when we shrink.-George Eliot

DURING the last war Winston Churchill once twitted Harry Hopkins on his diligence in getting to the bottom of things. "Harry, when this war is over His Majesty's Government is going to reward you by conferring upon you a noble title." Hopkins protested, but Churchill went right ahead, "We have already selected the title. You are to be named 'Lord Root of the Matter." It is a title all of us can well afford to merit, for we need to seek diligently amidst the profusion of life's dross the golden core.

Forgive us, gracious Father, for our failure to seek Thee with our whole hearts, minds and strength. Amen.

#### Tuesday, February 24

READ GALATIANS 6:7-9

MAYBE you noticed the episode last summer of a twelve-year-old country boy who went to the city to buy some books for school and in the process turned in a false fire alarm. Some city boys, he explained to police later, told him if he pulled the lever in the red box a bird would pop out and forecast the weather. The police corrected the information he received and sent him home. Not always are we dealt with as kindly as this boy was when we have been deceived.

O Lord, we come to Thee with penitence, for we have erred from Thy paths and like sheep have gone astray. Pardon and deliver us from all our sins, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

#### Wednesday, February 25

READ JOHN 10:1-4

ONE OF the unforgettable sights of Palestine is to watch the shepherds with their flocks of sheep and goats come to and depart from a watering place in the wilderness. There is no fretful concern that the flocks will get mixed up in helpless confusion. When they have all been refreshed and their thirst quenched the shepherds merely start off to the right hand and the left, calling their sheep or goats as the case may be, and like obedient children they follow their shepherd, for they know the voice of the shepherd. The Lord is our Shepherd: do we follow on?

Dear Father, we feel our need of Thee, and so we draw nigh Thee, conscious that Thou alone hast the power to do for us what we need. Amen.

#### Thursday, February 26

READ JOHN 14:1-4

I DON'T suppose there is any more tragedy in the world today than in other times, but it seems more real for the simple reason that it is happening to us. Consider the man who rushed up at Southport, North Carolina, to give artificial respiration to a girl whose limp body had been pulled from waist-deep water at the beach. In vain he tried to pump life back into the still form, face down on the sand. Finally he gave up. "She's dead," he said sadly. "Who is she?" They told him: 16-year-old Nadine, his own daughter.

Comfort those in life's bitter sorrows, O Christ, and lift the weight of loneliness from them. Amen.

#### Friday, February 27

READ HEBREWS 13:1, 2

TO LIVE in fidelity to the high ideals of Christ's gospel is sometime to run the danger of being consigned to the lunatic fringe. But being a lunatic and being consigned to the lunatic fringe are two things that neither sound alike nor are alike, though frequently confused. The authorities not long ago picked up an escaped lunatic in New York, when their suspicions were aroused by the man offering his seat to a lady on the subway. Hurried New Yorkers might consider crazy anyone who would do such an act of courtesy, but the law of courtesy is still basic to Christian behavior.

Our Father, we desire that Thou wilt inspire us to use the capacities of kindliness and mercy within us. Amen.

#### Saturday, February 28

READ JOSHUA 1:6, 7

No star is ever lost we once have seen.

-Adelaide Procter

IN "PIONEER'S PROGRESS" Alvin Johnson tells the story of his boyhood struggle against great odds to achieve maturity and understanding. He highlights the time a first-class team of horses bolted and plunged over a forty-foot precipice. He and his father, undismayed, put together a makeshift team and finished the day's work in the wheatfields and next day returned and buried the two good horses. Alvin's father commented wisely, "Things will often go wrong with you, Alvin. It can't hurt you if you don't lose your courage."

Lord, grant that we may not forget the hills of difficulty, the valleys of the shadow, the paths of chastisement where we are tried as silver is tried. Only be Thou with us always. Amen. "Who shall prepare himself to the battle?" I Corinthians 14:8

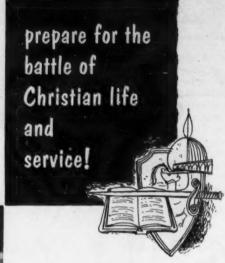


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# What Makes Church News?

An alert publicity committee can do much to promote your church's aims and activities. For best results, here's how to go about it

NEWSPAPER reporter once received a brief notice in the mail that a local church was going to celebrate its anniversary. The alert reporter telephoned the pastor and asked if there was anything more he could tell about the anniversary. For instance, what was going to happen?

The pastor thought a moment and said, "Well, my father is going to speak, but he comes from another city . . ." By a series of pertinent questions the reporter finally drew out of the pastor the fact that his father and four brothers, all ministers of their own churches, were going to be present for the occasion. The story seemed of such news importance that the newspaper sent out a photographer on the anniversary day, and took a photograph that made front pages all over the country.

Not all reporters have time to dig out stories. The trouble is, church members don't realize what makes church news, and so they grumble and complain because they feel they are not getting cooperation from the press in publicizing their activities. Taking pains to learn what publications want and need will help you get results.

A good publicity or public relations chairman is essential to every well-organized church. In most instances a woman will be chosen, because she has more time to devote to the activity. Her job may be described as one of "re-

lating, informing and influencing": relating the public to her cause, informing the public about that cause and influencing the public to respond.

An effective publicity chairman must be aware of all the media at her disposal and put it to the best use, whether it be church bulletins, bulletin boards, telephones, posters, photographs, newspapers or radio. If enough work is involved, the chairman should divide it among as many committee members as needed to do the job well. The chairman should sit in on executive and program committees, so that she will know and understand all that is being planned and be able to suggest features that will make programs most attractive.

Fortunate is the church with a publicity chairman who has had actual journalistic experience, particularly one who is willing to take time to bring out the colorful in the church news,



as does Mrs. John F. Turner of the Syria Christian Church, near Orleans, Ind. But even without any journalistic experience you can learn the proper ways of dealing with the press. Cultivate Mrs. Turner's methods and develop a nose for news that will get your church into the news in such interesting ways that it will become well-known.

Mrs. Turner sees news stories in the most commonplace occurrences. She has discovered that photographs of church doings are widely sought, but that only a few churches supply this need. She is also blessed with a husband who can take the pictures she wants, for by pictures she doesn't mean just mats of a coming evangelist or pictures of a new minister or a new church. She means pictures that involve people rather than things or events.

Her church is one which has been growing at a good clip without any special projects or contests. It is the solid, permanent kind of growth every church wants, but unspectacular. At first glance a publicity chairman can see no story there. But Christian Standard, her national denominational publication, used a full-page picture story from Mrs. Turner showing how good planning and lay interest promotes permanent growth. Eight pictures illustrated the article - one showing the greeting committee in the church doorway, another showing the way the men pitched in to clear the church grounds, a shot of the daily Vacation Bible school, and so on. Not content with this Mrs. Turner helped boost the esprit de corps of the membership by ordering enough copies of the story so that one could be mailed with each copy of the next church newsletter.

If you have to deal with editors of small weeklies and dailies who are happy to have pictures to publish but often object to engraving costs, Mrs. Turner suggests a solution: The church itself may pay for having the cut made (and this may be well worth the cost as advertising), and the publicity chairman may send the picture to a metropolitan daily, which will usually send the cut to the local paper after it has been used.

No matter the size of the city or newspaper, stories of church activities

command wide attention and will be given ample space if rightly handled. A steady flow of interesting reports dealing with church activities can wield a powerful influence for the church.

Here are various things that make church news:

 Election of officers (send their pictures, too).

2. Meetings, their themes, purposes, (Continued on next page)

## Dishwashers - Pro and Con

HE dishwashing problem is always before the kitchen committee. And when hired help is hard to find and dishes pile high, an automatic dishwashing machine seems like a utopian dream. However, it can be a reality—provided all the conditions are right for it. But before you put your hardearned funds into such a machine, be sure it is the thing for your church.

Miss Dorothy M. Proud, New York State extension specialist in institution management, reports that in many rural churches where dishwashing machines have been installed, they have been left unused to rust and deteriorate for one reason or another. An enthusiastic salesman may sell you a dishwasher, failing to take into consideration that the water supply of your church is not sufficient for the large amount needed for this type of dishwashing. Or, you may not have a large enough hot water tank to bring the temperature up to the 180 degrees F. required by the department of health. In some instances service repair men have been so far from the community that the church cannot afford to have the machine repaired when something goes wrong, and so it stands idle. In other cases machines have been ruined by the inexperienced persons who were allowed to operate them.

But Mrs. L. Trimnell of Vincent Methodist Church, Nutley, N. J., writes to us of the highly successful installation of a dishwashing machine in her church. One group of church women sponsored a talent fund and, over a period of two years, raised nearly the cost of the dishwasher, in addition to meeting the quota of money for the general budget. The money was then turned into the general treasury and

the dishwasher was bought for cash. A committee was appointed to purchase it, and it was decided to patronize one of the local manufacturers. They selected an institution-size dishwasher of stainless steel, which will wash 2,000 pieces an hour, and is calculated to be adequate size to do the job required in that particular church. The installation had to meet local plumbing codes and the whole dishwashing kitchen was remodeled at the same time.

The women were particularly in need of a dishwasher since they frequently serve dinners for 200, and the clean-up job is tremendous. Before installing the dishwasher they were often short of volunter workers and hired help was almost impossible to secure. Even when help was available the women were dissatisfied with the low sanitary standards that bulk hand dishwashing afforded. They knew a dishwasher would speed up the job, cut down labor, and do more efficient and sanitary work.

The dishwasher is now used for every luncheon and dinner we serve." says Mrs. Trimnel. "Its efficiency depends largely on a good supply of very hot water. The water is used economically, and the dishwasher has a gas burner to help maintain the temperature. But even when the water is not quite 180 degrees F., the dishes are far cleaner than by hand washing. If the water is hot enough, there is no dish wiping. When we do use towels, though, they never get dirty. Dishes never get chipped in this machine and last much longer. Everyone likes it and the job it does.'

How have you worked out the dishwashing problem in your kitchen?

#### Large Quantity Recipe File

#### HAMBURGER FIESTA (for 48)

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Combine hamburger, chopped onion, salt and pepper. Shape into 48 patties, approximately 4 ounces per patty. Pan-fry patties in a heavy skillet. When brown on both sides, place in 4 baking pans 9" x 12" x 2", 12 patties per pan. Cover patties with sliced onions, Combine remaining ingredients. Pour over patties, approximately 2½ cups per pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 1½ hours, spooning sauce over patties twice throughout. Note: Patties may be pre-browned early, refrigerated, and kept two or three hours before baking.

Variation: Add to the sauce 2 teaspoons marjoram, 1 teaspoon oregano, and 2 teaspoons chili powder.

-Courtesy Swift & Company



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speakers, films or dramatic offerings. 3. Large state, area or national meetings which local people attend.

4. Special projects such as fund-raising affairs or plans for community serv-

5. Distinguished guest speakers.

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6. Your church's stand on current issues: Human and civil rights, universal military training, liquor advertising, etc.

7. Local action on any social problem. 8. Local and nation-wide observance of the World Day of Prayer, May Fellowship Day and World Community Day.

9. Personalities. This offers infinite scope: a migrant; an Indian; a rich person who gives time, self and money; an invalid who radiates spiritual strength; a youth with vision and courage; a new missionary.

But whatever you tell about, make it interesting. Mrs. Turner says, "I stand firmly against the cut-and-dried type of church publicity, not only be-cause the editor thinks it's dull, but also because the reader thinks the church must be dull, too. I try to make all our church publicity sound as though the church itself is interesting, friendly, progressive and fun."

Mrs. Turner gets extra space in the

local papers for the church by digging up little one-paragraph human interest stories which an editor welcomes. One item concerned a letter from a missionary telling how \$25 sent by the Vacation Bible school helped build a new church. Another told of a 78-year-old member who contributed 78 cents as her birthday offering. This developed into a story when Mrs. Turner figured up how much she had given that way during the 54 years she had attended the church.

Your publicity chairman should first

get acquainted with representatives of local newspapers with whom you will deal. She should familiarize herself with press deadlines and always make it a point to get material in well ahead. If there is no precedent for dealing with local radio stations, your chairman should get acquainted with the station manager and program director and inquire how and when publicity can be included. Listen to the local programs yourself. A program aimed specifically for women listeners might take a notice of the appearance of a women's organization speaker or a church bake sale. A program for children might consent to make a special announcement for your Sunday school.

Invite press and radio representatives to all public meetings, and send invitations or tickets for luncheons or dinners, too. See that newspaper personnel are seated next to someone who can give accurate answers to detailed questions. Provide them with a program, or any printed matter pertaining to the occasion.

News releases of coming events should be sent to newspapers well in advance, and follow-up stories should be included in the issue immediately following the event. In some cases this may mean telephoning the story. Remember that news values deteriorate with time.

You may not have to be told the five essentials of a news story, Who, What, When, Where and Why, and that no matter what the length of the story, these five questions must be answered in the first paragraph, if not the first sentence. Vary the order if you like, but never leave any out. The most unusual "W," or the one of greatest interest to most readers should be given first. Open your story with live words, which will immediately catch the interest of the reader.

Each of the following leads contains the five "W's" but which one makes you want to read more?

"The annual bazaar of the Community Church will be held at the Recreation House from March 10 to 15.

"Easter bunnies and spring flowers will brighten booths at the Community Church's annual bazaar to be held from March 10 to 15 in the Recreation House."

Type news stories double spaced, starting one-third of the way down the page to leave room for editors' notes, and with one-and-a-half inch margins. Be sure your facts are carefully checked for accuracy, particularly the spelling of names. Initials or first names should always be given-not just "Mrs. Jones," but "Mrs. Quinton P. Jones." Nicknames usually sound odd and in poor taste when seen in print.

Humor has its place in church re-

porting, too. Mrs. Turner once made a boxed feature out of a story about a three-year-old who at a Christmas program told her anxiously prompting mother, "Well, Mamma, you just come up here and say it!"

For information on how to do better publicity work, write for a copy of the manual "Leadership," 60¢, from General Department of United Church Women, 156 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

#### HOW PRAYER GROWS

N 1896 a few Methodist women in Boston organized a society with the slogan, "Two cents a week and a prayer." By the end of the year, they sent out to India two missionaries.

In 1887 the president of the Wom-en's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church sent a call to women to meet at a certain hour to pray for the church's work at home.

In 1890 two influential Baptist women named a day for united prayer for missions.

In 1919 at the call of the Council of Women for Home Missions and the Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions, a day of prayer for all missions was observed.

In 1920 there was designated, for the first time, a World Day of Prayer. Under the leadership of missionaries and church leaders, groups in many countries came together to pray.

In 1942 the planning, printing and promotion of the program became the task of the World Day of Prayer Committee of the United Council of Church Women, now the General Department of United Church Women.

In 1952 the service was held in over 17,000 communities in the U.S.A. with an offering of more than \$365,000.

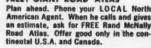
Walk as children of light" (Eph. 5:8) is the theme for the 1953 observance of World Day of Prayer, scheduled for February 20th.
Orders for World Day of Prayer ma-

terials close February 6th. In addition to the adults' and children's services and the dramatic presentation available this year, is a filmstrip, "World Day of Prayer around the World," 35 mm., with 60 frames, for use on any standard filmstrip projector. A welledited, graphic portrayal of the 1952 observance in many places far and near, this is to be used with an explanatory script, two copies of which are furnished. Running time is about 15 minutes, price \$2. Order from Central Dept. of Publication and Distribution, National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., 297 Fourth Avenue, New York 10.

(Woman's Place continues next page)













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#### "OPERATION SPOOLS"

SPOOLS, spools, spools! Have you ever looked at a box full of empty spools and wondered if there wasn't something you could do with them, short of throwing them in the wastebasket? Other women have wondered about it, too, and Mrs. Isidore Perlman, Chairman of American Women's Voluntary Services, Inc., of Imlaystown, N. J., came up with an idea which has caught fire and is spreading everywhere. Groups of all types have taken up the project sponsored by AWVS to prepare toys made of wooden spools for use by local schools, nurseries, hospitals and social service agencies.

You may be able to collect enough spools to work with from your membership alone. Otherwise, select a department store in your city to act as a central depository, and make a request through the newspapers for spools to be contributed by people everywhere. Canvass local factories, shops, dressmakers. Dolls, quoits, jumping ropes, checkermen, pull toys, sense training games, stretch toys, doll furniture and dozens of other things can be made

out of spools.

Where will your spools go? Decide upon the organization in your locality which will be most blessed by them. Will you supply spools to a local old people's home where the old folks will find many hours of interesting activity in making toys? You could then arrange for suitable distribution of their finished work to a local orphanage, nursery or school for handicapped children. Spools can develop into a two-way rehabilitation project.

Or will you make the toys within your own group, to be distributed in worthy places? Your own church nursery may have need of them. Or you might make them to sell at your bazaar. To send spool toys to children in war-torn countries write for further information to AWVS National Headquarters, 500 Park Ave., New York 22. They will also send you a leaflet on "Operation Spools."

Making toys out of spools costs next to nothing. You need something to string them together, such as cord, narrow or cable elastic, shoe laces or rubber tubing. And to color them be sure to use a non-lead enamel paint; toys must be safe for small children, who will invariably put them into their

Here are suggestions for toys from spools:

To make a doll, string together three spools. Separate the top spool from the others by tying another piece of string or rubber to form the neck. String two spools on either side for



Empty spools make small dolls, trains, quoits, and other sense training toys.



Spool toys are painted with a lead-free enamel, insuring safety for little tots.

arms and secure knots at ends. Then construct legs in similar fashion using three spools. For hair, tie a bundle of wool strips with a knot, glue knot into small hole at top of head. Paint eyes, nose and mouth to complete doll. Attach strings to head, arms and legs and you will have a workable puppet.

Paint several various sized spools which become the cars of a toy train. Glue on other spools for wheels, head-

light and smoke stack.

Make a game of ring toss by stringing ten spools of the same size on wire or cord. Form into a circle and fasten securely, putting the tied ends into the spool. (If wire is used, make sure the ends are not exposed.) A cone spool or pedestal spool is ideal for a stand.

For spool furniture paste cardboard or thin wood on four spools to make a table. For stools use smaller spools and glue small round pieces of wood or cardboard on top. Beds, benches and other articles are easy to make.

Matching color games are welcome teaching aids for nursery classes, deafsense training groups, cerebral palsy clinics and many others. Paint two sets of spools (preferably cone spools), using six or eight colors in each set.

Children love to string spools like beads. Provide a plastic or mesh bag full of many-colored spools and some shoe-strings for this. Or, let the children play with the spools like blocks. Imagination will suggest other ideas.

#### A VALENTINE FOR ME

(Continued from page 29)

lowering and oppressive and you fervently long for a storm that will

clear things up.

Writing as I do for the friendly people who read this magazine (and who sometimes write to me), I have never been insincere. I have always meant, heart-deep, everything I have said. Yet sometimes when I am personally distressed, it is like whistling in the dark: as if, by exhorting the reader to keep his or her spirits high, I could raise my

I have said, "I count my blessings." This has become a cliché, I daresay. But, like most clichés, it is true.

Even on the dark days, there are the birds. They come to the drinking and bird-bath millstone, they cluster at the feeders, they scratch in dead leaves and hide in evergreens. Every day, no matter what the weather, I go out to break the ice in the bird bath. Every day I put food in the feeders, in the pheasant shelter, and in the big open pan down by the small pond. We have wild duck nesting in February, and to see them sailing in for a landing is always a wonder.

Berries abound here, those of the dogwood, the cedar, and honeysuckle have now been eaten; and also those of the burning bush and the barberry. Last autumn, we found back of a cedar grove, after we had cleared a field, a very large grove of black alder and we let the buckwheat we planted stay, for it is fine food and cover for the birds. In the spring we will have it turned under and reseeded.

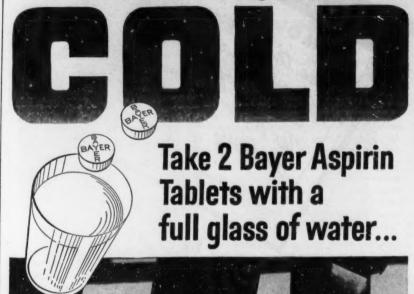
There is one more place to clear. When that is done, across the pond in winter we will see the blazing scarlet of the black alder berries as long as they last. To me, the black alder is a wonderful thing. The leaves go and the bare branch is laden with jewels; against rain, against gray skies, against all gloom, the alder berry burns like a signal.

Once, returning from a trip to Boston smitten with a sharp sword in my vanity, I saw black alders flaming in the swamps and my heart grew lighter, for it was November and they looked brave and brilliant, and nothing could ever take from me the memory of the alder in the frozen swamp, along the cluttered, lonely tracks.

So I wrote a story about it and, in that way, became free of my hurt and the wound to my ego. As it turned out, it was really a funny story; the sort one tells on oneself, sure that no one will ever believe it because they would say, "If it were true, she would never tell!"

Now, on our own land, though the sky turns dismal and the heart is heavy, the wild black alder grows, bearing its







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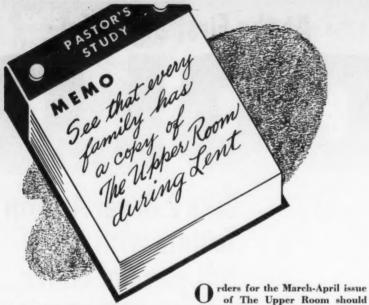
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scarlet berries. And it reminds me of that far off day and is as cheerful as a bell ringing, a little lad singing, or a ribbon in one's hair.

Somehow, after living on a place for over a year and then discovering something like that, it's twice as good as if we had always known it. When I think how I fretted because I had thought there were no alders growing here, I could laugh or weep.

The black alders grow because they must and because the birds are nourished by them, but also because I am nourished.

I am not a professional bird watcher. I make mistakes in identification. I have to ask experts, I cannot identify many songs in spring. I have a friend who knows all there is to know; she goes on bird walks, stays up all night on cold mountains to watch the migration of hawks. When I am puzzled, I ask her. But, in a way, I like my ignorance. I learn a little by myself and am satisfied. I don't worry as much either. Last autumn she complained of blue jays-as well as squirrels and such-eating the wild birdseed. But I don't mind feeding blue jays. They are quarrelsome and greedy fighters, but there is enough for all. Besides on a winter morning, how beautiful in sun or shadow this embroidered bird who wears a blue cloak unlike any other.

So there's enough for them and also for the squirrels, worrisome little creatures who nevertheless entertained us all summer.

My friend worries because we have foxes as well as gorgeous pheasant. The fox will get the pheasant, she says sadly, just as the picture window sometimes stuns or kills the mourning dove. This is so. The hawk, in his lazy circling, swoops to pierce the rodent, the reptile or even the song bird, and if crow and bluejay take the song bird's food, they also warn when the hawk flies. Next door, the farmer keeps chickens and turkeys, hunts the fox and destroys the woodchuck. Everything which lives knows the fear of death and enemies. Everything which lives must take its chance.

When we bury the dove, we mourn; when the bunny screams because the fox is swift, when the pheasant flies heavily to us, as no guns are allowed here, when the stray dog drags down the woodchuck and the mice run from the hawk, we also mourn.

Sometimes—oh, often—I wake in the night. It is quiet here. In summer a sleepy bird speaks, in winter the fox barks, the owl screams. It is so still I can almost hear the stars burning or the movement of the moon. Sometimes, I wake to storm and wind, rain against glass, snow thudding or the sharp delicate sound of sleet; a lethal sound, encasing branches, snapping them off,

an artillery of sound. And lying awake and alone I feel myself more insecure than anything which flies or runs or

creeps.

Who does not have these wretched nights when every anxiety increases a hundredfold, when all worry grows and the sense of failure and of doom, of age, of possible illness is almost tangible, heavier than one's blanket and, unlike blankets, ice-cold? Even the furniture looks strange and menacing, as it did in childhood, by what little light there may be. It creaks and groans, something scuttles in the old walls and the restless one is most terribly alone.

But not for long.

On such occasions I turn on a bedside light; I go like a child to fetch a glass of water. I turn on, also, my tiny radio with the clock face and listen to soft music which plays for me all night long. It is great music, and it is the language of the spirit. And I take my Bible from the bedside table and read. And then, I am no longer alone. I know that however much I fret, however high the tensions, however pressing the urgencies, I am not alone.

"Be still and know that I am God." These are the great words which, if you open your heart to them, dispel the

fears and bring good sleep.

I do not mean that in the morning the fears are gone. Or rather, that the reason for fearing has, with the night, departed. I mean that with a new day, be it sunny or dark, the fears are so much easier to face. They become more problems than fears and for every problem there must be a solution.

T IS getting darker; I have put on the desk light. I hear my companion closing the inside blinds in the living room. We are going to a friend's for dinner, despite the wintry roads. There will be laughter there and little children. In the meantime I have written myself right out of my heavy spirits and my ill-humor. I have convinced myself of all my blessings and the many which are only waiting for me to reach out and take.

That which troubled me remains, of course, but now I can regard it as not quite so desperate a threat and temporary rather than permanent. I have forgotten it as I wrote. I shall refuse to remember it in the home of our friends—which was once our home.

Some of you write and tell me I have helped you. You have no idea how much you have helped me, because I can write for you. So while this was to be a Valentine for me, a sort of self-reassurance, it has to be, again, a valentine for you, to thank you. May, all the hearts you love beat true, this day and all days; may your own heart be light and comforted, and God bless you always.

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#### • Sunday, February 1 POSSESSIONS—HELP OR HINDRANCE

MATTHEW 19:16-26: LUKE 12:15

JOUR money or your soul!" What a sermon title! I read it recently in a book of sermons by W. A. Poovey. 'Your money or your soul"-that was the prescription given a soul-sick young man by the Good Physician. It was as shocking to him as the verdict of many a modern physician: "If you want to live you must give up your business responsibilities and follow a regular routine of rest and dieting." It takes a strong man to face such a complete reversal of his life.

It was a likable young man who came to Jesus that day. He would also be pointed out as a successful young man, or a lucky young man, for he was rich. More than that, he had a good reputation. Riches had not gone to his head. He followed the moral teachings of his fathers and was faithful to the traditional rites of his religion.

Why was he not satisfied, at peace? What brought him to Jesus? There was something restless within him. Perhaps he could not exactly describe his feelings. It had not been difficult to keep the laws of Moses. His tastes were modest and his temper even. He had made regular visits to the temple and enjoyed worshiping in the village synagogue. His position as a ruler was pleasant. He gave his tithe without complaint. More should not be expected.

Was there anything else that he could do to bring him peace of mind? Had he missed some important item of the law? What he had heard of Jesus suggested that He might help him find the thing that he had missed. So he came and asked his question: "What good deed must I do to have eternal life?

For this young man the prescription was "sell what you possess and give it to the poor." Jesus reads each soul. He offered no patent medicine, no cureall. He had rich friends of whom He never demanded anything like this. There were Zaccheus, Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea and the unknown friend who provided the "upper room."

They had not permitted wealth to become first in their lives. This young man had. It came between him and his God. He had to be rid of it. Evidently his heart had never been in his gifts to the poor. Now he must give with love, withholding nothing for his own com-

It was too much-the price was too high. He liked the crown but wanted no part of the cross. God will not, cannot take second place in any man's heart. He is all-in-all or not-at-all. Making and keeping money had become too absorbing for this man. The artist Watts caught the tragedy of it in his painting of the rich young man. You do not see his face, as he turns away from Jesus. We, too, must realize that we cannot face Jesus while we hold on to our worldly ambitions. To be His disciple is no half-and-half decision. It means making Him first. Time, talents, possessions, all go with us into His treasury to be used for His cause, or we cannot be enrolled with Him. Do we love Him enough to "leave all and follow Him"?

#### **Questions:**

Read Proverbs 30:8. Did the writer have the right idea about either poverty or riches? Would converting our property into money and giving it all away solve the problem of poverty? A great deal of money given to relieve destitution in post-war Europe and Asia was used to help the needy help themselves. Instead of sending shoes, leather and other materials and the tools for making shoes were provided. Is the wise use of wealth a Christian responsibility? Is our welfare program in America built on Christian principles?

#### • Sunday, February 8 DIVINE GENEROSITY

MATTHEW 20:1-16; EPHESIANS 2:8

RICH young man had come to A Jesus. He had turned away sadly when Jesus told him to give away his wealth. No doubt the sympathy of the twelve was with him. Finally Peter voiced the question for the rest, "Lo, we have left everything and followed you. What then shall we have?" Jesus was so patient with that childish question. In the best terms He could use, He spoke of their reward in the life to come. Even if we cannot fully under-

Based on International Sunday School Lessons; International Bible Lessons for Christian Teaching; © International Council of Religious Education.

stand His reference to "thrones" and receiving "a hundred-fold," we do know that Jesus must have been displeased and disappointed every time His disciples set their hearts on rewards for their sacrifices. All this in the latter part of Matthew 19 leads to the difficult parable of our lesson.

At first reading, this parable probably arouses sympathy with the complaining workmen. Somehow we think they had cause for their dissatisfaction, They had worked all day in the vineyards. Others had worked only a few hours, and that when the Oriental heat was tempered by the setting sun. Yet all received the same wages - good wages, but the same.

We may be sure that Jesus was not telling a story that would in any way support the idea that in the world of industry all should receive equal wages. or that the amount was the exclusive business of those who paid them. Nor did Jesus mean that God would be arbitrary in rewarding His servants.

One interpretation is that those who first answered the call for laborers are the Jews while those coming later are the Gentiles. Also that the reward, "eternal life" (Matthew 19:29), admits no comparatives-eternal life is eternal life, neither more nor less. Modern application is also made to those who serve the Lord all their lives and those who make death-bed repentance.

Whatever else Jesus intended to teach by this parable, He certainly hits hard at the spirit of self-seeking-serving God for rewards. His story has rich meaning for our own lives. Eternal life is God's gift of grace. Grace means literally "gift." Service must be on a higher level of purpose than to earn a place in heaven. Love and thanksgiving are the true motives for lives of Christian service.

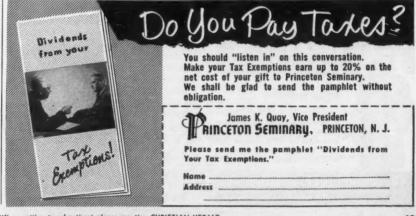
The grace of God is the pattern for graceful living. It will flavor all of life. There were three graceless faults in the thinking of the murmurers. They are all too common in our lives.

The complainers had the wrong attitude toward their work. They felt no joy in digging around the vines or pruning and training them. They realized no partnership with the God who provided the chemicals in the soil and sent the sun and the rain. They did not praise God that they could have a part in providing food and refreshment for God's children. Too many workmen take no pride in doing the best possible job. The complainers should have thanked the owner for work that was worth doing.

The complainers certainly had the wrong attitude toward their fellows. Those who came last needed a day's wage to feed their families. It was only a living wage. They should have drawn up a petition of thanks to the owner for

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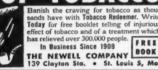
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his generosity. They broke the primary law of neighborliness.

The complainers also had a terribly wrong attitude toward the owner. It was his grace that gave them work. How much more do we need to remember our complete dependence on God. Not only is this true because He is creator and owner of all the universe, but because "we are bought with a price." We have been redeemed, "bought back" from the bondage of sin. Our hearts should be so full of love and thanks that praise, not complaints, will rise to our lips. If we begin with right attitudes toward God, the Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, we will find our right relations with our neighbors and in all that we do will recognize the high privilege of being partners with God.

#### Questions:

Compare the complainers with the elder brother (Luke 15:29). Do we find this spirit in our churches, among Christians today? Protestants reject the error that we can earn salvation by good works. Do we sometimes substitute another error - that we should be rewarded with protection from illness, poverty and the like, because we have been faithful to church and honest in our dealings?

#### • Sunday, February 15 GAINING OR LOSING THE KINGDOM

MATTHEW 21:33-43; LUKE 12:32

Scorned Love" is the title given a sermon on this parable by Karl "The Rejected Overtures of God" heads the chapter on this parable in George Buttrick's "The Parables of Jesus." Certainly these titles go to the heart of the matter. In the face of increasingly bitter opposition to Jesus by the Jewish leaders, He sought to help them to see their awful error.

Few of Jesus' parables are allegories, but here each actor in the drama can be named. God is the owner and planter of the vineyard. Surely this pictures God's care of Israel. Karl Heim suggests that the vine is a tender plant, needing constant care or it will go wild and fruitless. It is not like wild roses. From the time He called Abraham until the day that Jesus came to Israel, God had been preserving Israel from the destruction it well merited. He had given Israel a mission and the freedom to accomplish it.

How stubborn Israel had been! Like the wicked servants, Israel had refused to listen to the prophets. Even captivity had not broken Israel's pride. Finally the Son had come and now Israel was to commit its most terrible crime. Death on a cross was to be the reward of God's patience. He entrusted His only Son to Israel and He too was rejected.

Another parable is given as a post-

script. It comes from Psalm 118:22, 23. The rejected stone will be the cornerstone of a new and more glorious temple, "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Was Jesus thinking of the resurrection? Yes. He was warning His enemies that they might scorn the love that sent Him to them, but it was not within their power to conquer Him. He would not be on trial before Pilate and the priests, but they would be on trial. He was the whole meaning of the protection of Israel through the centuries.

That the chief priests and Pharisees understood the application of the parable is shown by Matthew 21:45, 46. They were too prejudiced, too proud to accept Jesus as the "Overture of God," So others would take their places in the vineyard. Many of them would be Jews, mostly of the common people whom they despised. More of the new tenants in the vineyards would be

Gentiles.

This is a lesson in the responsibility. of freedom. It is an awesome responsibility. In all our blessings it is so terribly easy to forget the Divine Giver, the Divine Owner. He is not constantly demanding rent from His vineyard. Indeed, all that He asks is thankful hearts for His grace. At last He sent His only Son. Surely that will awaken love and thanksgiving in our hearts. But it is still His grace inviting, not His power compelling. He does not want our recognition won at the point of the spears of His legions, or out of fear of the taskmaster's whip. He wants the loyalty of sons and daughters, not the obedience of slaves. So we can say "No" to God. We can go on enjoying the fruits of His grace as though there were no God, no Giver. But the warning is clear. It is His "good pleasure to give you the Kingdom." It must be our good pleasure, our highest, most glorious privilege to accept His gift and return hearts full to overflowing with love and gratitude to the Giver.

#### Ouestions:

"For Jesus tells us that the coming of the Son is the last word which God can speak to us . . . He cannot send us a more urgent invitation . . . "-Karl Heim. Do you believe this? How does this affect our responsibility for evangelizing the world? Selfishness is its own curse, just as love is its own reward-and opportunity has its end."-George Buttrick. Discuss as it relates to the rejection of Jesus.

#### • Sunday, February 22 CONQUERING DECEIT

MATTHEW 22:15-22, 34-40; JOHN 7:46

HERE were times in the earlier ministry of Jesus when the Jewish leaders thought He might be the hope of their nation. He was popular, fearless and evidently patriotic. But He would not "play ball" with them. They thought Him to be an impractical idealist. More, He persisted in pointing out their inconsistencies and often He held them up to ridicule before the people. He was too straight-laced to belong to their party. They must get rid of Him.

Jesus' triumphal ride into Jerusalem had shown His popularity. If they could discredit Him before the people they could dispose of Him. Over and over again they had tried this during His ministry. Clever questions were devised to trap Him but instead the *trapper was trapped*. When they asked Him hard questions, He asked them still harder questions. The common folk must have had many a laugh at their expense.

How the chief priests must have congratulated themselves when they thought of the question about paying taxes. That would be a sure winner. Either way Jesus answered it He would be in trouble. Paying taxes to Rome was even more unpopular than paying taxes today. Not even patriotism could soften the blow, for Israel was an occupied country. Taxes were never fair in those days. Tax collecting was farmed out to the highest bidder. Then those who had secured the right to collect the taxes were permitted to add enough to give them a profit above the amount paid to the government. Taxes of 50 percent or more were not uncommon. It would be a most unpopular move for Jesus to justify taxes for Rome.

On the other hand there was the Roman governor. It would be treason for anyone to speak against paying taxes. If Jesus should denounce taxpaying, He would be a popular hero, but soon a dead hero. Surely the trap was set this time.

Now the question: "Is it lawful to pay taxes to Caesar, or not?" Can you see the satisfied smirk with which they asked the question? Again Jesus answered question with question. "Show me the money . . . Whose likeness and inscription is this?" There was only one possible answer, "Caesar's." Then came the announcement of a principle that has guided Christian citizenship to this day, "Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." Once more a clever question had backfired. Deceit was conquered with truth.

The second passage in our lesson records a lawyer's question, perhaps honestly asked. This time Jesus once more endorsed the double law of love. An interesting comparison may be made with Luke 10:25-37. There are three channels of love always moving in the same order. God first loves us. In response to His love, we love Him. The overflow of that love reaches out to our neighbors. The spring, the source

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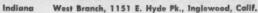


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of Christian duty to neighbor or to nation, is God's redeeming love.

We are citizens of two worlds, earth and heaven. So long as the laws of earth and heaven do not clash we should obey both. If they do clash, we must obey God rather than man. The following are suggested principles of Christian citizenship: 1. A Christian citizen must always follow his conscience. 2. Conscience may be wrong and we are responsible for placing our consciences in the light of divine truth. 3. The Christian must be willing to pay the price for a clear conscience. 4. The

Christian must use his influence to keep the nation's laws godly. 5. The Christian must always act in the spirit of Christ.

#### Questions:

Cite examples from the life of Washington showing how he was faithful to his obligation as a Christian citizen. How is it that some citizens are honest in personal dealings yet feel justified in cheating the government out of taxes if they can? How should the love of God influence our attitude toward our nation and our neighbor? Discuss the five principles stated above. Can you add additional principles?

#### WHY 'TIP' THE PREACHER?

(Continued from page 28)

man said, "even though he didn't go to church."

I know those "good Presbyterians" all too well.

He gave me no chance to speak. Surely I would take the funeral service. The widow was distraught. His sister was terribly upset. Would I come over and see if I could help them?

I did so gladly because I am a minister, reluctantly because I am a human being.

After the service I again went to see them.

"I have no use whatever for the church," the wealthy man told me to my face. "It's a fraud." The hurt must have shown in my face. He continued, "My family feels the same way. But we wanted to do things nicely." His look was cool and straightforward. "We will call you again if we want you."

I was dismissed as summarily as any door-to-door salesman. Not a member of the family said "Thank you."

It seemed wrong to me then, it seems wrong to me now, that this man of wealth got off without paying a fee to an institution which he had, in effect, commandeered and exploited. Certainly he had done things "nicely"; the funeral had been largely attended. A "Christian" burial was the thing to do—though apparently none of the participants believed in or practiced the Christian gospel.

Is it right that such rudeness should go unchallenged?

But he was merely a little more blatant with his contempt and irreverence than some. At one wedding rehearsal the bride and groom were so drunk that we were unable to continue. I sent them home.

Next evening, the groom and best man came to my study before the wedding. The best man yanked out a flask and took a long drink. Then he passed it to the groom. I intercepted with my hand. "Give

me that!"
Thinking I, too, was going to have

a drink, he obligingly handed the flask to me.

I put it in a closet.

The best man was at once belligerent. "What are you doing with that?"
"It stays here until after the wed-

"Oh, no, it doesn't!" He shoved me to one side. "Oh, no, mister!"

It was my turn to be angry. Looking hard at the groom, I said, "Were it not for the sake of your bride's parents, I wouldn't go through with it. They're fine people. I can't hurt them. But if you pick up that flask, there will be no wedding tonight!"

The groom-to-be was stupified. "No -no wedding?" he stammered.

Both were in an ugly mood. Fortunately, the signal came to go into the church. We all went in and the "sacred" ceremony was performed. My conscience still bothers me.

Afterward, as the party left, the groom tipped me fifty cents. He had squared accounts. The caretaker did better. He got a dollar.

My "fee" was at least larger than the one a friend of mine once seceived. A very pompous person—broad mustache, impeccable clothes, a resounding Oxford accent—came with witnesses and the bride. Before the ceremony, he managed to have an aside with my friend.

"I say, this is embarrassing, you know. Fact is, I haven't a dollar. Expect to have a lot of money later, but at present my funds are tied up." He grandly brushed his magnificent mustache. "After the wedding, I shall pass you an envelope—which will contain nothing." His wink was man-to-man. "Of course, afterward we shall square things. Right?"

"If you do that," my clergyman friend replied, stung by the imposture, "I'll open it in front of everybody."

But the groom was as good as his word. As he left, he handed my friend an envelope. It was indeed empty!

My friend had been quite willing to

perform the ceremony with no charge. But there was no way to "square" this

Frequently uncertainty as to the proper fee is bothersome. A dear little Chinese girl with her Chinese groom came to be married. She was a sparkling, lovely person-plainly in love. She gaily answered my questions for both parties. The groom stood with a large, blissful, unchanging grin.

I wondered at his silence and good humor.

It wasn't until I got into the wedding ceremony that I discovered he couldn't speak English! The bride saw my difficulty. She shook his arm, poured a flood of Chinese into his ear. He nodded happily, his joyous grin still as fixed as a half-moon. Sometimes, I wonder if that marriage was legal. But I am sure God must have seen it for the truthful and wonderful union it

After the ceremony I went to get their coats. On returning, I discovered him clutching his wallet in both hands. She was peering into the wallet's interior. Seeing me, she hastily reached down into the wallet and took out two fives and a one-dollar bill.

Each witness was thereupon handed a five-dollar bill. I got the one. I wish it were always so charming and so humorous.

People continually call my secretary and inquire what the customary fees are. What is the answer? Is there an answer?

On one occasion, a well-to-do, businesslike gentleman came in to arrange for a large wedding. Why he came to our church I still do not know. Indeed, I do not know why the couple troubled to have a church wedding at all. They had no faith in the church. They were not part of the church. They did not even like the church.

But this man demanded of my secretary our "prices." She patiently explained that respectable fees for such a wedding would be three dollars for the caretaker, seven for the organist, five for the soloist and ten for the minister. Since we charged nothing for heat, light and use of the property, I feel the fees outlined him were extraordinarily modest.

He hit the roof. The charges were outrageous! The church was robbing him! Could he expect nothing better than this?

I believe it is well and widely known that the church offers its services for nothing. God does not write out a price tag. The church's ministers have dedicated their lives to helping people.

But why-in this case-should anyone demand free of charge what he could afford? My secretary's boorish visitor was not short of money. He had no association with the church about



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which he expressed such red-faced indignation. He demanded a church wedding because it was socially proper -as though God were a waiter he could whistle up. Yet he was prepared to spend a fortune on liquor, a small ransom on flowers.

There is the opposite situation. There are the young men who give far more than they can afford. It is always a matter of surprise to me that the most generous gifts come from the people who cannot afford them.

I shall always remember the young couple I married one fall evening. He gave me ten dollars. An hour after the service the groom came back desperate. He had just discovered that the railway ticket cost more than he had expected. He simply did not have the money to pay for it.

This trip of his was more than a honeymoon. There was a job waiting for him at the end of his journey.

"I-I'm broke," he stammered, "Can you—would you?"

I understood. I returned his gift.

He looked at it. He was in agony. out—" he choked. "You see, it's this way—" I took another ten from my own pocket.

A MINISTER I know used to send out bills. After a baptism, for example, friends of mine received from him a statement which read:

Two baptisms at \$10 each..... \$20.00 Registration of 2 baptisms \$ 4.00 at \$2 each. Total \$24.00

Kindly remit to the church,

On another occasion a friend of mine had been best man at a wedding. Next day he received a letter, "The fees yesterday were quite insufficient. Kindly send a further ten dollars.

I certainly do not think this is the way it should be done.

Once, however, I felt like sending out such a statement. I was asked to act in a legal capacity, taking charge of the affairs of an aged man who, completely helpless and senile, had developed a deep distaste for his rela-

He trusted me, a clergyman, so completely that I was asked to handle all his business, see that he got into the hospital and nursing homes as became necessary, and do any other little jobs he needed. I made frequent visits. All this I was glad to do. It brought comfort to the old man, and incidentally was a considerable help to the relatives.

Yet when he died and I buried him, no one expressed the slightest appreciation for the work of the preacher. Since it had taken a vast amount of time from the work of the church, I thought that the relatives, who inherited a good deal of money, could have

made some little donation to the church. Especially should they have made some contribution when this man had little if any relation to the church. Certainly the undertaker, doctor and lawver were paid their fees.

Recently, a newspaper editor estimated-pityingly-the average income of clergymen. He referred to fees as "tips." This is a common attitude. In such situations there is little in the public mind by which a black-robe can be distinguished from a red-cap. Fees are proffered much as is a tip for carrying bags - but without the dignity attaching to a worth-while service honestly performed.

T seems to me that the solution to this question of fees would be for the church to set a price upon the services of her minister. Anyone who cannot pay this fee should receive the service freely. But the setting of a fee would go a long way toward preventing the church from being treated with contempt. This fee should be paid to the church-not to the minister. Should it occur that the minister's stipend is not sufficient to enable him to live, then perhaps these fees will enable the church to reimburse him more adequately.

The initiative will probably have to come from courageous individual clergymen here and there who begin making it known that all "tips" will be turned over to the church, and not retained by the man who happened to be the pastor of that church.

I do not believe the minister should be humiliated in the cruel ways involved in the tipping system. He does a vital job in his community. No one denies the tremendous service of the church to the world. Very few actually stop to estimate the thousands of children who get Christian teaching and Christian ethics from the church. Within those walls are organizations for every age from nursery to old folk. The church is the greatest social center in the community. It makes possible untold thousands of friendships. It is the most important welfare agency in existence, and all other welfare agencies are inspired by it.

There is nothing in the community or country more spiritually constructive than congregational worship. If you abolish congregational worship you will find the whole tone of public life in a frightening slump. A pagan society is a putrid society.

Most people, even if they do not go to church, want a church in their community. Therefore, it should be maintained with dignity. And the clergyman has a right to be given a living salary and not be dependent upon tips and handouts. The laborer is worthy of his hire. THE END

#### FIRST TRIP TO THE BOWERY

(Continued from page 34)

until he couldn't bum any more money.
One night this winter, Fred was clubbed on the head and "rolled" as he staggered out of a Bowery saloon. When he came to, his wallet, coat, shirt, pants and shoes were gone. He was freezing cold, and his head was bleeding. Sobbing like a baby, burning with a terrible shame, Fred crawled to the Bowery Mission and cried for

help.

The Mission people took him in, bandaged his head, fed him. Then they put Fred into a clean, white bed. Fred's eyes lit up and a smile spread over his long, sad face as he talked. "The next day, I knelt at the Mission altar and asked God to forgive me for destroying my life. That was the turning point. I can't explain what happened, but suddenly, I felt a new hope—a new strength."

I, too, felt a new hope. Though I had seen the ragged ends of humanity, I knew that there was a place that could

make men whole.

Today, God and the people at the Bowery Mission are bringing Fred back to life. He hasn't taken a drop in months, his bloodshot eyes have cleared, and his voice has a new confidence. He is even standing a little taller than his six feet. Fred is becoming a man again. Every day, Fred prays that God will help him in his struggle.

"What will happen to me now?" He repeated my question. "I'm not worried, because I know God will take care of me. I trust Him, and I will do anything

He asks me.

As I walked into the Street again, another cold night wrapped itself around the motley citizens. Everywhere, garish signs and flashing lights spelled out pleasures that could drag a man into the mire. And above all the decay shone the lighted cross of the Bowery Mission.

Inside of the Mission chapel the organ was rolling out the first song of the evening service. Slowly, I walked under the Elevated. Though my first trip to the Bowery had taken me into the very core of human misery, it had also led me to a house and a Message that could overcome misery.

The hoarse, cracked voices of the Bowery men blended with the music, and the words floated out on the icy air.

"Let the lower lights be burning! Send a gleam across the wave: Some poor fainting, struggling seaman

You may rescue, you may save."

I knew that the welcoming lights of the Bowery Mission would never go out but would always be there to guide men back to God.

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AUGSBURG PUBLISHING HOUSE, MINNEAPOLIS 15

#### Reviewed bu DANIEL A. POLING

MIDSTREAM-LINCOLN THE PRESI-DENT, by J. G. Randall (Dodd, Mead & Co., 467 pp., \$7.50).

Now, after seven years, the third of the distinguished Lincoln volumes from the pen of J. G. Randall comes from the press. Written with care in the minutia, it is also a "brilliant reconnaissance" of the whole scene. The Lincoln world, crowded with personalities and alive with action, through the middle period of his administration, comes into vivid and dramatic life on these pages.

It is interesting to note in this later time, when the whole question of Federal controls is being passionately debated, that this author finds that "the full situation would amply justify the generalization that the Civil War President, for what he deemed necessary and unavoidable reasons, extended his sphere of activity throughout the whole government—civil and military, state and federal, legislative and judicial." In these middle years Abraham Lincoln became, of necessity, a democratic dictator. And, until the crisis is past, does not war always make the dictator inevitable?

The volume contains more than half a thousand pictures, with editorial com-ments that are particularly helpful to the reader. We have a vivid picture of how Lincoln filled in a day at the White House, often a 24-hour day. There is also a warm and convincing portrait of Lincoln's home life and the chapter dealing with the sickness and death of Willie fairly breaks the heart. Lincoln's humor is vastly more than a series of stories. It reveals the Emancipator's manner of life, his philosophy and his unrivaled human understanding. Another has said that between these backs Lincoln appears as the "spokesman for the advance of democracy in the world." I check with that,

THIS I BELIEVE, written for, and with a foreword by Edward R. Murrow, edited by Edward P. Morgan (Simon & Schuster, 200 pp., \$3).

The most widely listened to radio program in the world today is a simple declaration of religious faith. "This I Believe," as announced and directed by radio and television news analyst Edward R. Murrow, is now being broadcast 2200 separate times every seven days from 196 of the most powerful radio stations. It reaches nearly 40,000,000 people in America twice every week. 900 times it has been broadcast over 150 radio stations abroad. Each week the Voice of America

releases it through six languages. It goes to the armed forces in Korea, Germany, and around the world daily. 85 daily newspapers carry these confessions of personal faith and the plan is actually only in its beginnings.

One hundred Americans, not one of them a preacher or a priest but lay men and women from practically every walk of life, have given, in 600 words, their "confession of faith." The effort, of course, has been to reach a common denominator. There is nothing sectarian about these statements. One of the promoters has even announced that they are not "religious," but he is definitely mistaken. They are religious though quite unorthodox by the test of Protestantism, Jewry and Roman Catholicism. For me, and for the over-whelming majority of the American people, they are inadequate. But, when measured against atheism and anti-God Communism, they are religious and pro-Communish, they are rengrous and proposed foundly so. They vary, of course, in their intensity, but Jackie Robinson, Eleanor Roosevelt, Herbert Hoover, Coach J. Frank Dobie, Lee Bristol of Bristol-Meyers Company, and 95 others have put into 600 words the beliefs they try to live by. In doing so, they have made a constructive and, I believe, inspiring contribution to present day serious thought. A nation that lives by its spiritual affirmation and not by denial will always find destiny waiting for it and freedom rising triumphant out of every defeat.

These broadcasts have been bound into a book that makes challenging reading. My own statement of faith goes right on from where this book leaves off—as would, indeed, the fuller statements of many who

appear on these pages.

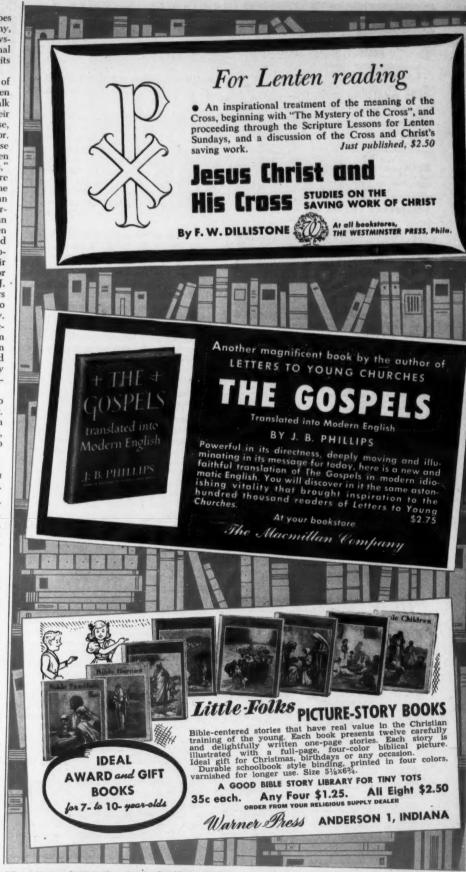
#### CRUSADERS FOR GOD, by Dana Thomas (A. A. Wyn, 340 pp., \$3.95).

This is not a biography but it is a dramatic and dynamic story of great lives. Fifteen men and women, incredibly brave, whose faith conquered jungles and arctic wastelands and brought them to ultimate triumphs of the soul, fill these pages. Wilfred Grenfell, Ann Judson, David Livingstone, Saint Patrick, Albert Schweitzer and Narcissa Whitman are among these immortals. For me, the story of Narcissa Whitman is the epic among the fifteen epics. As a boy I fell in love with the haunting memories of her that crowded the regions of the upper Columbia River. I have never escaped that early infatuation.

Read this book and put it into the hands of your children.

#### THE SHAPE OF SUNDAY, by Virginia Douglas Dawson and Betty Douglas Wilson (Houghton Mifflin, 372 pp., \$3.50).

The intimate biography of the nation's most popular novelist, in the wide generations of his writing career, has been written by his daughters. Lloyd C. Douglas wrote for, and captured the imagination of all Americans who ever turned to fiction. I knew him first when he was the successful and adored pastor of a great church. I knew him through all the days of his ever-broadening world parish. He was in spirit and in character the man of his writings. His daughters have told the





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story of the father they knew and loved. and of the public personality the nation also came to know and love. Here is the crown and completion of the Lloyd C. Douglas library.

MORE POWER FOR YOUR CHURCH, by Willard A. Pleuthner (Farrar, Straus & Young, 408 pp., \$3.75).

An advertising and public relations authority has done a spiritually motivated inspirational program for the militant church. Here are plans and projects proved by hundreds of clergymen and parish workers. The volume is interdenominational and ecumenical. It covers, and covers deeply, every particular of the church year, from fund raising to evangelism.

It should be in every church library.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS-CHRISTIAN OR SECULAR, by R. H. Martin (The National Reform Assn., 152 pp., \$2).

No man in the United States is more qualified to write this book than Dr. R. H. Martin, President of the National Reform Association. Between these backs are the conclusions of one of the first figures in the broad field of Christian citizenship, The false claims of secularism are demolished. Logic, faith and experience are united to answer the great denial.

OF FAITH AND LEARNING, by Marcus Bach (The School of Religion, State University of Iowa, 261 pp., \$3).

Believe it or not, for twenty-five years, as of this year 1952, a school of religion has been maintained in a state university, a tax-supported institution of learning. The University of Iowa is the institution, and religious education, in which Protestants, Catholics and Jews teach their individual faiths, was set up there a quarter of a century ago. Religion has been and is taught, not as literature nor as a factual record of incidents and events, but as a living vital belief. Another has said that, at the University of Iowa, "the three faiths have made cooperation without compromise work.

It is a far cry from Iowa City to the front lines of World War I in France, but Iowa's School of Religion began in France and during World War I. O. D. Foster organized among servicemen a little group called "Comrades in Service." Officers, civilians and privates, Jews, Catholics and Protestants, met together under his leadership for regular religious and social activities. Foster came home after the war determined to introduce the idea, to further an appreciation in his fellow Americans of the other man's point of view here at home. Fortunately for his idea, Foster met President Walter A. Jessup of the University of Iowa. A member of the University's faculty sized it up like this: "Jessup and Iowa had the dream, this man Foster had the know-how.

The plan was not quickly perfected, nor was it easily sold to the state. But in the spring of 1926, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., made available to the school \$35,000 for a three-year trial period. Eventually Mr. M. Willard Lampe, a Presbyterian clergyman, was secured as Director. Lampe's experience ranged from "sky



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pilot" in a mining camp to campus pastor at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. Lampe is still on this amazing job. He set up a teaching staff—men who were academically acceptable to the University and fully respected by their denominations and faiths. All courses were elective but fully accredited. Students could enroll in such classes as "Protestant Faith," "Judaism," or "The Catholic Church." Also, as of his particular faith, a man could take "Old Testament" taught by a Jew; "New Testament," taught by a Protestant; or "Life Problems" taught by a Catholic. There is even a course in "Religious Groups of America," where qualified members of such groups as Mormonism, Christian Science, Jehovah's Witnesses, may discuss what they believe.

When the Rockefeller aid was ended in 1935, the Board of Trustees convinced Iowans and the churches of Iowa that the University should keep this program going. Catholics pledged to pay the salary of the Catholic professor, Jews and Protestants did likewise for their own. However, the Administrator's salary and operating expenses came out of University

funds.

In this brilliantly written book, one contributor is quoted as saying: "Any school that can bring religion to a state university is worth \$5 of my money any time." We are assured that, in these twenty-five years, there has never been an unhappy incident in the University of Iowa due to this religious program. One University student has this to say: "What's so surprising about it? We all worship the same God, don't we?"

STEAMBOAT GOTHIC, by Frances Parkinson Keyes (Messner, 562 pp., \$3.75).

This is the author's most convincing novel and currently on the best-seller list. A love story that goes through episodes that make it an international romance, it salso a period historical novel. Beginning with a crap-shooter, it very quickly attains to more regal surroundings.

Not for church libraries.

THIS IS THE LIFE, by Starr Daily (Harper, 189 pp., \$2.50).

The deeply moving chronicle of a profoundly understanding mystic. Here is the story of a man's life of faith. The pages are filled with the reasons for such a life, and with the open door to achieve it.

STAKE YOUR CLAIM, by Emmet Fox (Harper & Bros., 123 pp., \$1.50).

These short chapters are characteristic of the writings of the man who, though unorthodox and "individual," captured the minds and hearts of tens of thousands of people. "Our Daily Bread" and "Spiritual Resume" are chapters that are characteristically helpful.

TARBELL'S TEACHERS' GUIDE, edited by Frank S. Mead (Fleming H. Revell, 400 pp., \$2.50).

Frank S. Mead, a former editor of Christain Herald, presents the 1953 volume of the Guide, regarded by thousands of teachers and Bible students as first in its field.

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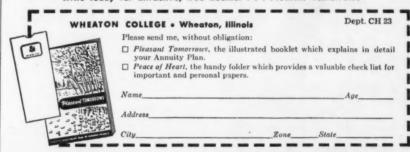
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#### WHAT DO I OWE THE OLD HOME CHURCH?

(Continued from page 8)

down and think sometimes of the indebtedness that is ours. The old home church gave us much. It gave us ideals to reach for, standards by which to live in the years ahead. It gave us as children a sense of rootedness in God's kingdom—a chance to serve in that Kingdom in our own small way. It gave us a deepened consciousness of the ever-present Good Shepherd who was there to protect us, ready to lead us at the perplexing turns in life's pathway. It has often stood us in good stead in later years—that trust that was deepened within us in the church of our childhood.

Today there is an increasing number of children who are moved about, children who have no roots anywhere. Perhaps there will be for them some other compensation. But happily most of us can look back to a home spot, a school, a church. Wouldn't we do well to remember that church in some way, even though our gift is very small? We do, to be sure, have increased loads to carry

these days in the churches and charities which surround us wherever we may be living. But the people who carry the heaviest end of these will very likely be the people who will want to send a remembrance back home.

A good letter can be a great gift. A capsule of encouragement is sometimes all that is needed to spur people on to bigger effort. And if, in a long motor excursion next summer we will pass somewhere near the old church of our childhood, perhaps we can drive that extra hundred miles or so to shake hands with its pastor and its workers.

The greatest in literature, music, art and philanthropy stems from the church. No civilized man can ever wholly evade its debt. Nor can he afford to forget that first church where he sang hymns and dropped his pennies at offering time. Let us sometime soon take an envelope and send the old home church a special gift. It may be an experience that will enrich our lives.

THE END

#### GOD ON THE FARM

(Continued from page 28)

intelligence God had invested in him. In another week that bull was living in a new, heavily reinforced pen.

After that, we noticed a lot of things about a cow's personality that had never occurred to us before, traits God gave her to help the farmer.

She's gregarious, for one thing: She's always with her fellows when the farmer goes after his herd in the late afternoon. And she's mildly curious: She'll always sample a new and unfamiliar feed because she cannot bear to be ignorant of what it's like. She's contented: She can be counted on to spend the whole day in a distant pasture without supervision. And she's just intelligent enough, no more, no less, for the farmer's good: She can learn which stanchion is hers and where the water tank is. But she'll never in a million years figure out how to open the feedroom door.

Thinking about God and the cows set me to thinking about God and the farmer's time. I'm still learning every day how He has worked it out.

I don't think I'll forget my first summer on the farm, and how appalled I was at the jobs that lay between us and winter. I was positive, and no one could convince me otherwise, that silo filling would be upon us before we could get our last hay crop in the barn, and that we would never finish filling the silo by the time we had to pick corn. And in the meantime, of course, there was some fencing to mend and the

cistern needed a thorough cleaning.

"You just can't get it all done," I told John with some heat. "You'll get behind, and the hay, or the ensilage, or the corn—or something—will suffer."

But nothing suffered and everything was done. It was not done easily, for farm work is still hard and demanding. But it was done, and there was no Sunday work, either. We even took a day off for the state fair.

It took another year, though, before I could really see how God has arranged a steady progression of farm jobs, one following another in a single file: Sow clover in February, plow for corn in March and April, plant corn in May, make hay in June, combine grains in July, harvest clover seed in August, pick corn in September, sow wheat in October, and then winter comes, with its heavy indoor work of keeping the barn and the cows clean.

Every year varies with the rotation of crops, of course. And I still catch myself getting panicky as I look ahead to the tasks that must be done "before haying season" or "before wheat harvest" or "before frost." But now I know there's time enough. And when that particular set of jobs is laid by, I look back and wonder again why the human race seems to find worry easier than faith. If cows are fitted for their tasks, then God would surely not do less for mankind. And if a farmer has enough time before harvest, then surely a soul does too.

THE END



#### Old Hand

A salesman called on a big business man near the close of a very busy day. When he was admitted, the magnate said:

"You should feel honored. During the day I have refused to see eleven salesmen.

To which the caller replied: "I know. I'm all of them."

#### Foresight

A dad was buying his small daughter an ice-cream cone.

"What kind of ice cream would you

"Why, Daddy, I think strawberry would look best on my dress."

#### No Fair

Two fishermen who were sitting on a bridge, their lines in the water, made a' bet as to which would catch the first fish. One got a bite and became so excited he fell off the bridge. He clung to his pole and finally came out with the fish.
"Oh," said the other fisherman, "if

you're going to dive for them, the bet's off. -Builders

#### Remarkable

"More than 5,000 elephants go each year to make piano keys.

"Really? It's remarkable what animals can be trained to do.'

-The Lookout

### **Bright Pupil**

A teacher was telling her class little stories in natural history and she asked if anyone could tell what a ground hog was. Up went a little hand.

Well, Tommy, you may tell us what a ground hog is.'

"Please, ma'am, it's a sausage," said Tommy. -The Young Calvinist



"It's mighty strange how you could mistake a saw for your violin bow!"

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#### WHAT'S HAPPENING TO OUR COPS?

(Continued from page 26)

saving, "If you don't go to bed, Tommy, I'll call the policeman.'

Do you know how your cops are promoted? In many towns and cities, policemen do not have to take exams for promotions beyond the rank of captain. To get into the higher echelons, it's "Whom do you know?" not "What do you know?"

In most big or small departments, there is at least one member holding down a soft job because he did someone a favor or is related to the chief's daughter-in-law. If the papers in your town publicize political patronage, the practice will be quickly discouraged. It is interesting to note that there is not one political appointee in the ranks of the FBI, a factor contributing to its high standards and effectiveness.

Something else that you, the citizen, can do to raise police efficiency is to see to it that your police make a decent living, even at the cost of higher taxes. The average American policeman bare-

ly gets by financially.

In New York City the take-home pay of a patrolman comes to about \$40 a week. Policemen generally are working too long for what they make. The majority of U.S. police patrol 48 hours a week, while the rest of the U.S. labor force work 40 or less hours. How can we expect our policeman's morale to stay high or to resist an "offer"

unless we pay him adequately? It may be your job to needle your town into a fair wage boost for your policemen.

Finally, you can help your police by obeying the law. Every time you try to argue your way out of a traffic ticket, every time you slip out of a fine by calling a friend at City Hall, the arresting officer loses a little faith in the laws he is pledged to guard and enforce. Washington, D. C., is the toughest city in the country for police, because almost every traffic violator knows "someone" who can fix a ticket.

Governor Adlai Stevenson's warning to the people of his state of Illinois was also a warning to every citizen in the United States: "Public officials do not corrupt each other; behind every bribe taker is a bribe giver; behind every fixer is a fix; behind every influence peddler is someone who wants the influence; behind every lobbyist is a pressure group. Who are they? Why, they are the people-the same respectable people who demand that all the officials in a government should be cleaner than the governed, cleaner than themselves.

If in your town the trend is going the wrong way at the sensitive point where law and order touch the most people the most discernibly-through the policeman on the beat-uou can help to reverse that trend. THE END

### THE UNWANTED CHRIST

(Continued from page 32)

ture, our behavior and our practices. He wants us to change. He urges us to do better. He is not satisfied with the lives we are living-even if we are satisfied. He wants us to change, and the exciting thing is that He is eager to help us!

But Jesus does not criticize us and what we are doing. He does not snoop. He gives us the will and desire to criticize ourselves and our lives. He wants self-analysis and self-inspection. He wants us to be dissatisfied with the ordinary life we are used to. When we become dissatisfied, He can do things for us which we never dreamed possible. Yet, there is a hazard involved. It is the danger of being unwanted-unwanted like Christ.

Last week I talked with a man who is high up in management in a local industry. He was the top man in his class at Bucknell. But the company saw more than a brilliant student-they saw a personnel manager who could hold his own with any person or union.

After seven years they put him in complete charge of union negotiations. He became the company's quarterback at all collective bargaining meetings. In a word, he was indispensable. Last spring the union asked for more benefits and a wage increase. You can imagine the company president's chagrin when his young champion said, "Give it to them." What the higher-ups did not know was that this man could "handle" laboring men and women because he knew their problems and life. He was management's champion, but he was the laboring man's friend.

He said to me, "They may be asking me to leave. I am outspoken.

We are living in a world and in a society that continually says, "Conform to belong." It is a culture that works for uniformity of social behavior and belief. It is an atmosphere that is unfriendly to new ideas and views.

Can we in our own way and influence be a force that will bring Christ into our neighborhood and work to keep Him there? Can we so gear our lives to thwart those who beg Him to leave and teach every man, instead, to say in his heart, "O Master, won't you come in and stay"? That is our task as Christians. THE END

### AMERICA'S DARKEST DOORWAY

(Continued from page 23)

been interned on the Island because "someone" had reported that he was a subscriber to a Communist paper back home. His answer: "I read the paper for many years before it turned Communist, and I saw no harm in reading it afterward . . . it did not change my thinking." But this was too simple to satisfy the suspicious immigration officials. For eight months the doctor was locked on the Island-eight months of pleas and denials and tears, of court hearings and questionings. And always, the same questions. "Were you a member of the Communist Party?" "Do you know any Communists?" "Did you ever go to a Communist meeting?" And always the same answer: "No!" "No!"

At last, the government admitted that it could prove nothing, and the doctor was allowed to pass through the locked doors. Only the healing power of time and the kindness of other Amerreans outside the Island can repair the

injury done to this man.

Perhaps, the most notorious example of injustice was the Ellen Knauff case. After three years of battling the immigration service, Mrs. Knauff, a German war bride, broke down the accusation of "enemy agent" and won her freedom.
Warned the U.S. Supreme Court: "Mere uncorroborated hearsay or rumor does not constitute substantial evidence.

Are all this hysteria and suspicion necessary? Our security officers must, of course, be on the alert for subversives or enemy agents. But must they be trigger-happy? So eager to pounce? So reluctant to let their victim go when proved innocent? False accusation has ruined and is ruining many a life at Ellis Island.

There is a power on Ellis Island that is always trying to combat the evils of hysteria and bureaucracy. This power is the Christian churches which believe that the fugitive from another land can become the ideal American citizen. To the women who work full-time on Ellis Island as representatives of the Protestant welfare agencies, "alien" means "one who is in need." But to the hardboiled government, it more often than not means "enemy." Since early in the century, the churches have been at Ellis Island to give hope and aid.

Motherly Alice Palmer, the Island welfare worker for the Protestant Episcopal City Mission, told me, "The immigrants are scared to death when they come here, because they don't understand. We church people try to humanize Ellis Island for them . . . try to soften the cold, official tone." For many years, the churches have objected to the "prison-like atmosphere,"



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A report by the combined religious agencies reads: The appearance and systems at Ellis Island "are very parallel to the procedure found in our prison houses. As a matter of fact, we dare say that some prisons have a much more congenial atmosphere than Ellis Island today. It is extremely regrettable that these immigrants... who are getting their first glimpse of the American way of life have to get such a false impression during their stay on Ellis Island."

The women from the Episcopal, Congregational and Christian, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Baptist, and Methodist welfare agencies, working closely with the Catholic and Jewish representatives, have brought great kindness and improvements to the Island over the past fifty years. It was these women who led and are still leading, the crusade for better food, a well-stocked library, more recreation, regular religious services, and more healthful sleeping quarters. There is still much to be done-wire screens to be removed, rooms to be painted, more occupational therapy and a hundred other improvements. The high-ceilinged rooms with their naked walls and narrow white cots still give off an institutional appearance. It was these church workers who battered at the immigration service until a beautiful green, blue, and red school-playroom was opened to the immigrant children last year.

In this bright room I watched a blond, blue-eyed Polish child furiously peddling a kiddie-car around the floor. Tiny Jennie Pratt, the Congregational and Christian Church representative, told me that Jon had never seen a toy in his life until he walked, wide-eyed, into the playroom three days before. Jon played and laughed with a pathetic intensity.

"At first, my children are so quiet and afraid," Jennie Pratt said. "I try to make them forget their dark memories by talking about George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, teaching them to sing our folk songs, and letting them play with all the wonderful toys. I looked around at the beautiful dolls, the hobby horses, the miniature piano, the mechanical and wind-up gadgets. This was a playland fit for the luckiest of American kids. Thanks to the churches, this room, with its fun and magic, is part of the training ground for making good citizens out of children whose minds and hearts have been torn apart by war and concentration camps.

As we talked, the door opened and a half-dozen children – from Scandinavian, Oriental, and Latin backgrounds—bounced into the room. "Hel-



In a playroom furnished by the churches, two lonely children play and laugh.

lo, Mrs. Pratt," called a pig-tailed Danish lass. "We come for another English lesson." The little lady turned to her young charges, and her brown eyes filled with a great love and tenderness. As she began to describe in English a subway and the Constitution and a library, I knew that it wouldn't be long before these children would be playing and studying in regular schools—in Oshkosh and San Francisco and Dallas.

The long delay on the Island frequently brings a blessing in disguise to a child. Mrs. Pratt told me about Carl, a thirteen-year-old bully from Latvia. Carl is now grateful that his father had been hospitalized for a mild case of TB, "Carl was a beautiful child-with a shock of blond hair and clear blue eves-but no love in his heart for anyone when he came to the Island." During his first day of class, Carl snarled at a Russian boy: "I hate all you Russians." The Russian lad, who had fled through the Iron Curtain with his family, began to cry. After class, Mrs. Pratt talked a long time with Carl. Bitterly and tearfully, he told her that the Russians had tortured his grandfather to death-right before his eyes. "When I grow up, I'm going to join the army," angrily declared Carl, "so I can kill every one of those Russians."

"That night I prayed for guidance," recalls Jennie Pratt. "I asked 'What would Christ do if He were here?" During the following weeks, she was as determined to bring love into Carl's heart as he was to keep hate there. She talked with him nearly every day. "It was through the teachings of Jesus that I reached him . . . not through history books or English grammars. I told him that Jesus loved everybody and that he, too, must learn to love." During his third month on the Island, Carl began to change. He rushed to help a girl who had fallen down, and

he shared his candy ration with the other children.

Then one day, as her youngsters were leaving the schoolroom, Mrs. Pratt saw Carl put his arm around the Russian boy. "I knew, at last, that Carl no longer hated. I thank God that the United States government detained this boy's family so that I had time to reach him."

Most of the aid given to immigrants by Alice Palmer and Jennie Pratt and bright-eyed Isolde Eland, who represents the United Lutheran Church in America, is much more routine than teaching DP children how to love and play again. On one day, Miss Palmer may contact a dozen sets of citizens about affidavits, money, and letters necessary for the release of their immigrant-relatives from the Island. And Miss Eland may plead for an alien, accused of illegally entering the U.S., before the Board of Immigration Appeals in Washington, D. C. On the day I was at the Island, Jennie Pratt gave several immigrant women material and instructions for sewing and embroidery.

These church workers always leave the Island with long shopping lists. They may entail looking for a French magazine on the newsstands or buying a railroad ticket at Grand Central for an immigrant going to Butte, or traveling up to the Bronx to comfort Uncle Fritz, who is fretting over his young nephew, now a five-month resident on the Island. Whatever they do-even if it's only lending ten cents to a penniless German for a phone call-these women do it with obvious love and faith. They know that every word and act from them helps to shape future American citizens. They know that what they say and do can lead an immigrant to a faith in God and confidence in the United States-or turn him away from both forever.

The big Christmas party is probably the only gay occasion of the year for everyone. Professional musicians and magicians perform to the loud applause of Germans, Chinese, Arabs, Poles, Italians, Africans - even Americans awaiting deportation. Leaning over the balcony of the huge Community Room, the sad and the lonely and the lost forget their sorrows as they stare at the artists and the glittering tree below. Miss Palmer described last year's party in words that I shall never forget-"It was a big day, worth all the jagged nerves we went through to make Christmas merry for those 1,000 detainees. There were so many kinds-DP children, stowaway seamen who had jumped ship, students. I wish we could make every day here a Christmas-a day of giving, not only of toys and gifts, but the giving of the Eternal Message.

As my ferry slowly churned away

at the end of the day, I knew that these women and others who will follow them would always give the "Eternal Message" at Ellis Island. The churches they represent came to the Island long ago, because they wanted to work for an American ideal—"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness."

The churches in America know that the men and women who have come to Ellis Island may be our grandfathers or our fathers—may even be us. Those immigrants I saw at Ellis Island—that dejected and motley crowd—have always been the bloodstream of this nation. And they will always be the fine, new citizens as long as there is an America.

The churches have never forgotten this, but the U.S. Government appears to have forgotten. Until it begins to treat the Islanders like the dignified human beings described in the Declaration of Independence, many men and women and children will nourish a bitterness that makes a mockery of the Statue of Liberty.

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#### A MIND OF HIS OWN

(Continued from page 31)

when it wasn't caught up in a gleaming chignon. Uncle Billy had met her at an after-theater shindig and told Mama proudly that what impressed him (the likes of him with such a reason!) was the fact that she was a teetotaler.

"He's done it now," said Mama after their visit. "A beauty like Leslie won't soon be pinioned." But Father answered, "Who are we to judge, Margaret?"

The amazing thing was that Mama's first prediction about Uncle Billy settling proved true. With his beautiful blonde Leslie, he settled down like a rock. He built a mansion of a house off the Miami causeway on Palm Island. Oh, he had a few parties, had Uncle Billy, but Aunt Leslie disliked social gatherings. "Stewpot of strangers," she would say in her low heavily-accented voice, liquor." "overcooked in a gravy of

And then Aunt Leslie became pregnant. Uncle Billy sent Mama three wires to herald the news. He hired more servants and outfitted a nursery and ordered announcements. But the baby girl was premature and died after three days. When Aunt Leslie got home he had locked the nursery door.

Two years later Aunt Leslie wrote Mama that they were expecting another baby. There was no fanfare this time but Uncle Billy got out his key. The baby was stillborn.

Mama was quiet when she heard. "There will be no more babies for Will," she said.

said Father, "these "Nonsense," things happen. Leslie is young."

But Mama just murmured as the Irish will. "There will be no more babies for Will.

And that's where I entered the story. Seventeen years before, Cassie, my sister, had been born and my parents had longed for more children ever since. I was born June 28, 1925, and my mother, my devout mother, surprised everyone by insisting on naming me Leslie. Uncle Billy and Aunt Leslie made a special trip north for my christening. When he walked into our country parsonage and saw me, red and yelling, Uncle Billy watched the kicking legs and doubled-up little fists and grinned.

"There's a decent little rig for ye, Maggie. Sails set fore and aft. She'll scoon over the waves, mind.

'I hope she'll be able and strong for the high sea and the wind," Mama answered.

"She's a darling," said Aunt Leslie bending low over the crib so no one could see her tears.

"I'll be after callin' her Schooner,"

decided Uncle Billy, "for a trim little vessel she is."

When I got a bit older, Aunt Leslie and Uncle Billy's visits were events for me. And at Christmas their boxes were indescribably grand. I had few toys and was dressed in a manner befitting a country parson's daughter. Mama's tastes were severe, allowing few frills, and her "parson's pocketbook" made the attitude a wise one.

But when Uncle Billy arrived there was a doll that walked, and a string of real pearls (which I could wear only in my room), and a Dutch golden apple that broke into pieces of chocolate. There was a teddy bear that moved its head, and a petticoat of pink satin.

"Might as well get to the loot, Schooner," Uncle Billy would say right after kissing us. He'd drop to his knees to untie the boxes—he always untied them himself—and his diamond stickpin would flash about the living room. Aunt Leslie would be somewhere in the background, her lovely face glowing with anticipation.

Then he'd pat me on the head and say, laughing, "Schooner, ye're bright as a new lamp and more like your

Auntie every day."

When I was seven, Mama got a special delivery from Aunt Leslie, and the news of it sent her to the broom closet, her sanctuary. Another baby was on its way. Aunt Leslie wrote that Uncle

its way. Aunt Leslie wrote that Uncle Billy had got out his key again, and the newest of infant paraphernalia was ready and waiting. In May the baby was born—dead. And Aunt Leslie died in childbirth.

Uncle Billy wired money and Mama went to Miami to stand beside him as he laid Aunt Leslie and the new boy baby in the marble vault beside his two little girls.

He didn't come north that year. But the next Christmas he was laden down with loot, and I couldn't see much difference in him except he was thinner and never mentioned Aunt Leslie.

But Mama was worried. "Will," she said as she packed his bags for leave-taking, shoving in a bag of homemade molasses bull's-eyes, "I must trouble ye for some information. Ye wouldn't be drowning your heartache in drink, would ye?"

"Now, Maggie, Maggie, what a question. 'Tis a man of the world I've been for fifty odd years. Tell me, did ye ever hear of this sailor under the waves?"

"No," admitted Mama, "but sometimes the current runs deep. Ye can't be testing it out, ye know."

"A wee drap is a medicine," grinned Uncle Billy.

"Will!" Mama put down the valise. Then she flew to him and threw her arms around—his big shoulders. "Oh, Will, Will. Sure, I know what ye're

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going through. But I'm worried. Ye're needing the Master, Will. Ye're needing a hand bigger than your own to hold to."

He interrupted with Irish chatter and broke into a sailor's song. "Remember this one, Maggie? How they'd come swingin' off the wharves after months away?

Nevertheless, he ended the conversation on a serious note. "Maggie, ye wouldn't be surprised if I let that barn on the Island go? I don't need two dozen slaveys to tie me shoelaces, and a room for every year of me life."

"A wise decision," said Mama, "but where will ve live?'

"In the apartment for a while. I might even try a new business one day. Get out of the rut.

So Uncle Billy left for his southland and his "barn." The next Christmas there was no visit but the loot was right up to standard and Uncle Billy sent his regrets and said he was getting rid of the barn and was leaving Miami for some quiet town where he could start a new venture and stretch his legs. The next two years he didn't get north but kept in touch with us.

And then one breezeless summer day when the cattails stood stiff sentinels in the marsh, I was flat on my stomach by the creek, lazily following the scallop of ripples made by a tossed stone. My black braids were tied atop my head and overalls were rolled wetly above my knees.

Suddenly I scrambled to my feet. Mama was calling, "Schooner! Schoooner! Hurry-good news!" In one long gallop I was there at the back stoop, gasping out my excitement. "What? What is it? A telegram! It must be Uncle Billy. Is it?'

"Not so fast," Mama laughed. "Ye're apt to faint from lack of breath. But he is coming, and I thought ve'd like

to help me tidy up a bit."
"Would I?" I almost shouted. "Would I ever! Give me the bottle of coal oil, Mama, and I'll shine up this place like a mirror.'

There wasn't much time, an hour before the train whistled in. But Uncle Billy would have to get himself out to the parsonage, Father being away till late afternoon. We fell to.

And then it was three o'clock and Mama and I were waiting on the road beside our gate. Presently a taxi came whizzing up. It shrieked to a stop and a fat dust cloud waved to me, as Uncle Billy, laden with packages, got out.

Or was it Uncle Billy? I gasped. His great broad genial face was gray and hollow-cheeked and the sparkle was gone from his blue eyes. His Palm Beach suit hung grotesquely loose, as if draped from a huge hanger.

'Schooner!" he shouted and packages flew as he hugged me and tried



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to kiss Mama. "Maggiel" he began in his old way, then suddenly loosed his hold and stiffened back, his face blanching in a spasm of pain.
"What is it, Will?" Mama put her

arm about his thin body.

He tried to regain his composure, but didn't protest as we helped him toward the front veranda. "The likes of me can't stand the shock of two such beauties, 'tis the truth," he said gaily but his voice wavered and grew dim. As we started up the steps, he turned sharply toward Mama and almost whispered, "Maggie, believe me, I'm not drunk. 'Tis me bit of a fight against the stuff that reels me." And he lurched forward, striking his head as he fell on the threshold.

Somehow we got him through the door and onto the parlor settee. He was unconscious and his head was bleeding. Mama's face was as white as his as she applied wet cloths. Finally the bleeding lessened and she bound up his head, turning to me as she fastened a safety pin on the makeshift turban. "He's very ill, besides the cut, Schooner. We'll have to get the doctor. Do you think you can manage it to town?

Uncle Billy began to speak with his eyes still closed. "Sick . . . very sick. Might say too sick. Only one Doctor fix up . . . very great Physician . . . Maggie, me girl, I came to find Him."

I nodded blindly to Mama and dashed toward the door.

Father was home when I returned with the doctor more than an hour later. The doctor took several stitches in Uncle Billy's head and then, before leaving, conferred with Father in the hall. All I could manage to hear was this: "The other," said the doctor solemnly, "I'm powerless to do anything about. But he's come to the right place, I'll wager that."

Uncle Billy stayed a long visit, but I was puzzled about his strange ailment. He got to look better and better though, and sometimes I caught scraps of his talks with Mama and Father. Grief. The bank crash. Stewed up. A

plain, stubborn old navvy.

"And nary a hand bigger than me own to hold to," he'd nod to Mama. "But I've a small dot of capital left. 'Twill be the Master's mustard seed, the way Robert here suggests.

Though Uncle Billy's sea legs for the wild waves of self-will are gone now, he calls himself a mate on the good ship Kingdom Come. He has cabin boxes, he declares, planted thick with mustard seed, all sprouting like Jack's beanstalk - sometimes, mind you, so high and massive in leaf that they're fitting sails to steer the ship.

That's a bit of his own salty jargon, I know, but who's to be after ignoring a miracle, even if he's Newfoundland THE END Irish?



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## "Stars and Stripes Forever

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA'S marches are music is played. It is probable that every parade which has gone down any street in this country for the last two generations -whether for a village Fourth of July celebration or to recognize the great and near-great with ticker tape showers on New York's lower Broadway-has stepped lively to the tune of "The Stars and Stripes Forever." This has provided the appropriate title for this 20th Century-Fox film biography which retraces the career of Sousa from 1890 when he was principal musician and leader of the Marine Corps band in Washington, D. C., through many years with his own world-famous band.

The well-written story, executed with spirit, places emphasis on wholesome human interest. It is full of heart-warming incidents which, with frequent playing of Sousa's band music, achieve close audi-



Audience Suitability Ratings: A-Adults: Y-Young People; F-Family

Editor's Note: Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements. reviews are not to be construed as endorsements, either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "suitability" classification, moreover, is no guarantee the film is flawless; it is merelly a guide.

Films starred (\*) are of exceptional merit.

\* THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST (J. Arthur Rank; Universal-International). Oscar Wilde's satirical play on the foibles and social customs of Victorian society is rendered in exquisite Technicolor with flawless acting by a distinguished cast. The author's caustic wit is given full range and excellent interpretation. Interest is sustained primarily through conversation rather than action, giving the impression that one is attending a play. The costumes seem to be a part of the satire and carry their point, as does the musical score which tells its own story in mocking tunes.

\* MY COUSIN RACHEL (20th Century-Fox). Was Rachel a decent and trustworthy woman, or did she betray everyone enmeshed by her charm? Was she the spider or the fly? This is left for the audience to decide, in the same way that the reader was asked to form his own



Clifton Webb, left, portrays John Philip Sousa in 20th Century-Fox's "Stars and Stripes Forever," entertaining film biography of the beloved "March King."

ence identification and enjoyment. The result is a film meriting high praise.

Although the plot dwells mainly on Sousa's public appearances, good family relations are also depicted. Sousa's interest in a young man's invention of the "sousaphone" (a tuba-like musical instrument) prompts him to keep a watchful eye on the boy's romance with a young show girl.

judgment in Daphne du Maurier's book, on which the film is based. The viewer who has not read the novel will see a wellacted drama of mid-nineteenth century beautifully set in Cornwall and Italy, featuring tempestuous emotions, implied murder and outward innocence. The viewer who has read the book will be impressed with the faithfulness of the film version. Olivia de Havilland brings beauty and distinction to the enigmatic Rachel: Richard Burton gives the required passiondriven interpretation to the role of the puzzled young lover. All supporting character actors are excellent.

★ MILLION DOLLAR MERMAID (MGM). This is the story of Annette Kellerman, the first glamorized woman swimmer, told against extravagantly beautiful Technicolor backgrounds. She has reached New York's Hippodrome after overcoming a childhood handicap in Australia, swimming down the Thames in England, introducing the "one-piece bathing suit," and giving diving exhibitions in New England carnivals. Later a serious accident demands the courage and determination

Film Reviews and Ratings by the PROTESTANT MOTION PICTURE COUNCIL

This gives us a glimpse of the "burlesque" entertainment of that day, soon abandoned by the romantic pair for more artistic pursuits. There is pathos and humor, along with music and singing.

Clifton Webb's impersonation of the "March King" is amazing and he is well supported by an excellent cast. Technicolor is pleasingly beautiful.

she manifested as a child. A certain amount of comedy is provided by a boxing kangaroo, its trainer and a carnival promoter who becomes the romantic interest. The spectacular aquatic displays are the main attraction. Entertainment also is derived from a re-creation of the times as well as from the swimming feats of Esther Williams. Many artistic touches, good

★ LEONARDO DA VINCI (Pictura) The genius of Leonardo da Vinci is strongly expressed in this film produced to commemorate the 500th anniversary of his birth. In his introduction, the director of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art states that, as Leonardo was a great believer in freedom and in the power of the human mind, so must we be reminded to cherish them. Italian and French scenes furnish a background as one progresses through the artist's life with the help of his paintings and a large collection of his sketches, some in preparation for large works, some illustrations for his inventions which cover practically every field of human endeavor and scientific research. many of them forerunners of modern engineering. The background music which is a good accompaniment at the beginning is repetitive.

RUBY GENTRY (20th Century-Fox). A sordid and painful melodrama about an unprincipled woman and the tragedy which follows her in the swamp country

of North Carolina. Casting is excellent, sets are exceptionally good, photography of swamp mists is impressive, music is suited to mood and development of story. In spite of the manner in which it is produced, the film leaves the impression of shoddy entertainment with vulgarity, dishonor and baseness pervading. Not only are all decent moral values ignored and flouted but the presence of a religious fanatic, singing, praying and quoting Scripture, then turning murderer, is most offensive. The miry swamps are symbolic of this tale.

Totally Objectionable

LIFE BEGINS TOMORROW (Mayer-Kingsley Release). This philosophical French film offers a message to thoughtful people who consider, "What has man done with the forces in his hands? We have seen him use scientific advance for destruction. Is he willing to reserve them for peaceful pursuit?" In conversations with a philosopher, a psychiatrist, a biologist, a writer, an architect and an artist, an inquirer sees possibilities for good but, missing the serenity afforded by spiritual resources, is secretly fearful of the potentiality of evil. The film, which depends mainly on conversations illustrated by documentary views of the recent past, the current scene and the laboratory, would lend itself to discussion. Good musical score by Darius Milhaud. A. Y

OUTPOST IN MALAYA (J. Arthur Rank; Universal-International). The story encompasses two days in the lives of Jim and Liz Frazer, their son Mike, his Malayan playmate Mat, native rubber workers and a volunteer defense force against terrorists from the hills. The story is dramatic, emotionally stirring, and educational as well. Good attitudes between planters and workers are demonstrated. The picture rings true in a setting of social unrest affecting human relationships. Well played in interesting backgrounds. A, Y

SKY FULL OF MOON (MGM). A young ranch-hand, in Las Vegas to compete in the rodeo, finds himself short of money for entrance fees. With the help of a worldly-wise young woman, he plays the slot-machines, wins and loses, enters the rodeo. The innocence and decency of the boy win out; poorer and wiser, he returns to the ranch. The dilemmas the boy has to face-temptation and "growing up" to understand the ways of the world-are an interesting consideration. Gambling is a part of the plot. Played for realism, especially well acted by the principals. The haunting tune of a Western ballad A, Y runs through the film.

THE IRON MISTRESS (Warners). Based on the novel by Paul I. Wellman, this melodrama in which fictional adventure and historical fact merge in a welter of violence, purports to relate to exploits of Jim Bowie, inventor of the knife bearing his name, Setting is New Orleans and Natchez, in 1825. Bowie's exploits in Technicolor include gambling and speculating to improve the family fortunes and falling in love with a "high-born lady" devoid of womanly virtues. After disposing of eight men, he decides no woman is

worth that much killing, so he goes to Texas to marry a quieter girl. Played brashly with exaggerated characterizations, this is escape entertainment with too much bloodshed.

TWO CENTS WORTH OF HOPE (Times). This is a strong portrayal of the plight of two young people who are caught in an Italian village in the aftermath of the last war. Down-to-earth and realistic, with appropriate and convincing characterizations. All reactions are shown in their most violent emotional aspects but they explain the social pattern of the community in which the action takes place. A

MEET ME AT THE FAIR (Universal-International). A "medicine man" and his singing assistant at the turn of the century are instrumental in helping a runaway orphan. After insuring improvements in the politically-dominated orphanage, they return the boy. Many incidents take place at fairs. Popular music of the period livens up a story with some social implications and a hint of romance. An agreeable quaintness pervades the production. Well

ANDROCLES AND THE LION (RKO). Although the film version of Bernard Shaw's play has transformed his acid wit into occasional farce-comedy, the main lines of the plot remain unchanged. Androcles, the little tailor who relieved a lion of a painful thorn, is duly rewarded when, thrown into the Roman arena to provide entertainment for Caesar's subjects, the lion refuses to harm him. The by-play introduced and the philosophy brought out in the dialogue are intellectually stimulating but some of the comedy twists are overdone and direction is uneven. The anachronism of having 2ndcentury Christians singing 19th-century hymns will offend some.

THE PATHFINDER (Columbia). James Fenimore Cooper's well-known novel relating the struggles between French, English and Indian tribes on the North American continent, has been given Technicolor film treatment. There are times of suspense but the development of plot lacks continuity. Action is grim and ruthless. Double spying by the hero in order to help his Indian friends confuses ethical values.

SOUTH PACIFIC TRAIL (Republic). Rex Allen, his horse Koko and the Rhythm Riders combine their talents in this western in which the good are very good and the bad wholly villainous. The story concerns the planned theft of a gold shipment and dishonesty in cattle deals. Entertainment depends on excitement rather than on a carefully developed plot.

TARGET HONG KONG (Columbia). A tale of espionage within espionage, involving the plan of Communist forces to take over Hong Kong. Complicated intrigue between opposing sides and eventual defeat of the subversive elements furnish the excitement in this "thriller" to which a touch of romance is added. Continual gunplay with much killing. A, Y

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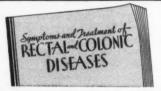


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#### Back Bite?

TO THE EDITORS:

You can't know how very sorry I am over your publishing my criticism of Mr. Courier (Nov. '52), especially since the extract from my letter left the reader "up in the air" as to the "why" of my criticism-his inclination to ridicule the wellmeaning, harmless acts of others. Howso highly intellectual and evidently so unfeeling as Mr. Courier, ridicule is unkind. . . . I sometimes wonder if "Back-Bite" wouldn't be a more name for the "Back Talk" page.

Huntsville, Ala. (MRS.) DELIA L. BEAN

#### Talented Author

TO THE EDITORS:

I am deeply thankful to you for the recognition that you made possible for Mr. Halley (Nov. '52). The Bible Handbook has been written about hundreds of times but the author always remained in the shadows. You must be a genius in selecting your writers, for Mr. McDermott got responses that no one else could have secured. And how skilfully and with what reserve he wove the incidents into an interesting and forceful picture of a life devoted to a high purpose.

(MRS.) H. H. HALLEY Chicago, Ill.

### Star-Spangled Cover

TO THE EDITORS:

I want to congratulate you on your patriotic Nov. 1952 front cover! More of this patriotism should be published for the present and coming generations. Our country needs it.

Urbana, Ill. CHAS. E. ELDRIDGE

. I consider the November cover of the HERALD as a classic. A real inspiration. So much so I am having it framed for my office.

CHICK DELISSER Freeport, N.Y.

### Constructive Halloween

TO THE EDITORS:

In connection with "Halloween With A Halo" (Oct. '52), children of Long Beach, Calif., collected hundreds of pounds of relief items. They called themselves "Friendly Beggars" and enjoyed it more than tearing up property.

Compton, Calif. STELLA HOCKETT

### Billion Dollar Mixup

TO THE EDITORS:

In Gabriel Courier's column (Oct. '52) there is found the amount \$3% billion. While your column is not alone in an effort

to modernize the writing of such amounts, it leads to confusion in the minds of readers accustomed to the interpretation of the dollar sign following figures, or "three and one-half dollars billion." This requires translation before it adjusts to our mental pattern.

Omaha, Nebr. ALICE CARY GILCHRIST

 Any way we write it, 3½ billion dollars confuses us!

## Revised or King James?

TO THE EDITORS:

I feel that the Revised Standard Version of the Bible was much needed. It does not seem fair to the King James translators not to revise the Bible because, as it is, it conveys meanings that those translators did not intend. The King James translation is a beautiful literary production, but should we sacrifice lucidity for beauty of form and expression when the primary purpose of our Bible is a guide for our Christian living?

Rutland, O. NORMA A. LEE

#### Encore

TO THE EDITORS:

Trust you will give us more articles by Lynn Carpenter. We read "The Parson Was Improvident" (Nov. '52), reread it and then read it some more.

Monticello, Ind. THRYZA HEINY

## Salvation

TO THE EDITORS:

In "Dr. Poling Answers Your Questions" (Oct. '52) mention is made of "the body of Christ" as the means of salvation. Now Peter, Paul and all of the apostles were a part "of the body of Christ" and they told the way to salvation.

Tacoma, Wash. G. E. BRICKLEY

## Unwanted Converts

TO THE EDITORS:

Why do some of our so-called Protestant churches turn down a Gospel preacher when he is a former priest of Rome? These same clergy who have slammed their doors in the faces of these ex-priests would do the same if Luther came back. Their excuse is "It doesn't do any good to condemn Romanism.'

Ossining, N. Y. HAROLD PEARSON

## Korean Puzzle

TO THE EDITORS:

In Korea we are losing 1,000 men every week and our only excuse for not ending the war is that a few North Korean prisoners don't want to go back. I wonder why American conscientious objectors are put in jail for their objections, while we sacrifice thousands of Americans to save the objectors of our enemies, who did fight us until taken prisoner?

Syracuse, N.Y. O. F. HAYLOR

• We offered the prisoners sanctuarythat's the difference. The question is this: Is our pledged word good or isn't it?

#### Divorce

TO THE EDITORS:

In Dr. Poling's column (Nov. '52) I am inclined to disagree that M.A. of Illinois "would be fully justified in marrying the man." My Bible clearly states "Thou shalt not commit adultery" and according to Matthew "Whosoever shalt put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery." Do you still think she would be justified in marrying a divorced man?

Wright-Patterson, AFB, O.

CLARENCE I. WEST

• Dr. Poling did not state that the questioner "would be fully justified," but said that if he knew all the extenuating circumstances "it is altogether possible I would feel you are fully justified." There's a difference.

## The Virgin Mary

TO THE EDITORS:

I was so delighted to see that you identify Mary as the Virgin Mary ("Christmas Means God With Us," Dec. '52). It's sad to know that the intelligentsia of America are so misleading about sacred matters. It seems they have no experience in supernatural spiritual things.

Milford Center, O. WILBUR J. BRAKE

#### Bible and Drama

TO THE EDITORS:

When the movies and television want to use our sacred Bible stories for their work, I wish with all my heart that all Christian people would rise up and say "No! You shall not disgrace our Bible by making a mockery of it on the screen. Our Bible belongs in our churches and homes or else the babies of today will grow up to think of Christ as just another movie actor.

Conshohocken, Pa.

(MRS.) ROSA ASHBURN

## Anonymous No More

TO THE EDITORS:

In "I Remember" (Sept. '52) is a poem beginning "Not more of light." This poem was written in 1903 by Florence Hol-brook, a principal in Chicago public schools, and contains eight stanzas in all. Chicago, Ill. MAE FRANCES MARDORF

### Book Wanted

TO THE EDITORS:

Will you help me locate the book "Merry Songs for Merry Singers" by Tuller and Meredith? It is now out of print, but since the songs are quite uplifting it is good for use in graded school work.

Roanoke, Va. (MRS.) R. D. FOUTZ

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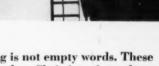
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SLEEP....





NOT in the Gospel services, of course! There, hymns must be brisk and speakers on their toes. Many of the men of the Bowery have been outdoors all day. Many of them have been drinking. Most of them are disheartened, tired. All of them are far from home. It would be easy for them to go to sleep if word and song were not vital enough, challenging enough to jar them wide awake.

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## YEAR-END REPORT

1268 Thanksgiving dinners served

82 professions of conversion on Thanksgiving Day

1190 Christmas dinners served

53 professions of conversion on Christmas Day



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